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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

The Italian Army and the Italian People.
Count von Eulenberg.
Church Work in the South Pacific.
Hambro' Sherry.
Judges on Circuit.
The Latest Elopement.
Hotels at Home and Abroad.
Womandom.

On Differences of Time.

The Right of Hissing.
The Ventilation of Sewers.
The British Association.

THE "LONDON REVIEW" CHURCH COMMISSION:—
No. XXIII.—The Diocese of Gloucester and Bristol.—No. 2.—Mr. Müller and the Ashley Down Orphanages.

FINE ARTS:—

Music.
The London Theatres.

SCIENCE:—

International Social Science Congress.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—

The Warriors of the Thirty Years' War.

Folia Silvula.

Ice-Caves.
A Book of Miscellanies.
New Novels.
The Magazines.
Short Notices.

Literary Gossip.

List of New Publications for the Week.

REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE news of the release of Captain Cameron by the Emperor of Abyssinia will be received with a degree of satisfaction proportionate to our sense of inability to do anything effectual for his rescue. English diplomacy has rarely been placed in a more humiliating position than when negotiating, or perhaps we should rather say trying to negotiate, with a semi-savage like Theodore, upon whom threats were of no avail, and towards whom we were forbidden, by obvious considerations of policy, to use the only inducements which seemed likely to be effectual. By what means Mr. Rassam has succeeded in working upon the mind of the sable potentate, we are still in ignorance; but it will probably turn out that his Majesty's late and reluctant mercy is due to some vague fear of pushing matters to extremity with a powerful country like England, or to some equally vague hope of eventually obtaining our assistance in his quarrels with the neighbouring States. We do not for a moment suppose that anything has been said or done by the agent of the Foreign Office to justify such an expectation, but we trust that the Government will not be satisfied to rest there. The lesson we have received in the imprisonment of our Consul will be thrown away, if it does not lead us to give up altogether the idea of cultivating diplomatic relations with a power like Abyssinia. The immediate cause of the quarrel which led to Mr. Cameron's imprisonment is still a matter of controversy amongst those who are learned in African politics. But it is clear enough that if we had had no Consul whose duty it was, or who conceived it to be his duty, to fume, fret, and fidget about the Court of Gondar, we should not have been perplexed with the task of getting him out of the confinement into which he had been thrown. Now, as it is utterly impossible that such a functionary should in any way promote British interests by representing them at the capital of a State which has no seaboard, and therefore no trade, it is palpable that his visits to Gondar involve nothing but a possibility of embarrassment without the slightest prospect of compensating advantage. Let us therefore for the future leave King Theodore to himself, and if we must have a Consul at Mussowah, let him be made clearly to understand that if he crosses the Turkish frontier he does so at his own risk. We ought never to send a British agent, or sanction his going, where the arms of Britain cannot be effectually extended for his protection.

The minor German Powers may not be able to prevent the execution of the Gastein Convention, but they are at any rate determined not to let it be supposed that they approve of it. The representatives of Saxe-Weimar, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and Saxe-Meiningen, have solemnly protested in the

Federal Diet against the agreement come to between the two great Powers, and have brought forward a motion that the solution of the Slesvig-Holstein question should be submitted to an Austragal tribunal. The official organ of the Bavarian Government has been instructed to declare that the Cabinet of Munich is more determined than ever to take further steps in the said Diet; and that it still maintains, with unflinching pertinacity, that the Duke of Augustenburg is alone entitled to the sovereignty of the Duchies. Of course, no one supposes that anything will come of these protestations; indeed, the fact that the Diet has postponed, for eight weeks, its consideration of the motion of the three valorous little Duchies, is sufficiently significant of its ultimate fate. But they serve, at least, to show that Germany is not quite content with the condition of helpless servitude, to which it is reduced. The power of the two great military monarchies is, no doubt, at present such as to set resistance at defiance. The day may, however, come when even they may want the support of the Fatherland generally. They can hardly be unconscious that their proceedings are watched from the other side of the Rhine by no indifferent or purely disinterested spectator. The *mot d'ordre* has evidently gone forth from the Tuileries to excite public opinion in France against the rapacity and selfishness of the conquerors and spoliators of Denmark. Although no immediate action may follow, we can hardly err in regarding this as an indication that the Emperor desires to prepare the mind of the country for a more active and energetic policy than he has hitherto thought fit to pursue. If an opportunity should occur, it is not likely that he will forego the chance of signaling his reign by the extension of the French frontier to the Rhine, as well as to the mountains of Savoy. If that day should come, Prussia and Austria may find the want of the allies whom they have alienated. Until it does, however, Count Bismarck will doubtless be quite safe in consigning their resolutions and protestations to his waste-paper basket.

The Hungarian Chancellor, Count von Majlath, has just addressed a somewhat important circular to the Obergespanns of the kingdom. It is eminently conciliatory in its tone, and confirms the rumours that have for some time been prevalent that the Emperor Francis Joseph is determined to do everything in his power to bring about a reconciliation between Hungary and Austria. The Chancellor states that it is his first duty to endeavour to harmonize the constitutional and historical rights of Hungary with the position of Austria as one of the great Powers, and also to strengthen the union founded by the Pragmatic sanction between Hungary and the other provinces of the empire, by respecting mutual rights and privileges, and taking into serious consideration the existing state of things; for he acknowledges fully that nothing can be done to effect the

object he has in view except by a constitutional course of legislation, and he holds out in no equivocal language the hope of an early convocation of the Hungarian Diet. It still remains to be seen how far the Magyars are prepared to respond to these overtures of the Court of Vienna. But we incline to think that they are tired of their present condition; that they have become convinced that, although they may do much to injure Austria, they can do little to help themselves; and that, in return for domestic self-government, they are not indisposed to consent to some arrangement which shall insure a common action of the two countries in matters of Imperial concern. To such an arrangement the Chancellor, of course, refers when he talks of reconciling the constitutional and historical rights of Hungary with the condition and strength of the monarchy. And unless both parties are prepared to approach this question in a reasonable spirit, it is clear that nothing of importance can be effected. Austria can never consent that the Hungarian Diet should possess the power of paralyzing the action of the empire at any moment. And if the Hungarians are really sincere in expressing a readiness to accept union with Austria on condition of their ancient liberties being restored to them, they ought to perceive that such a union between constitutionally governed States can only be successfully carried on under an assembly which for certain purposes and within certain limits shall represent and exercise paramount authority over the whole empire.

The vacancy in the Italian Ministry caused by Signor Lanza's resignation of the portfolio of the Interior, has been filled up by the appointment of Signor Natoli. The new Minister is not likely to make any perceptible addition to the strength of the Government; but, on the other hand, we are not aware that he is peculiarly obnoxious to any section of Italian politicians, and he will therefore not be a source of weakness. That could hardly have been said of another statesman who was a good deal talked of for the place. The abilities of Ratazzi, his debating talent, and his knowledge of business would no doubt make him, in the absence of other circumstances, an acquisition to a Government which is not particularly strong in oratorical power, and which has before it a stormy session. But Ratazzi, rightly or wrongly, has the reputation of being a tool of the Emperor Napoleon, and of being ready to sacrifice the wishes and the aspirations of Italy to a cordial, not to say subservient, alliance with France. Excited as the susceptibilities of the Italians have lately been by the Vegezzi negotiations, the advent of such a man to power would have been accepted as a proof that the Della Marmora Ministry are indifferent to the acquisition of Rome. All the accusations and all the insinuations which have been launched against them on this score would have been confirmed by the appearance of Ratazzi amongst them. The abilities of their new colleague would have been no compensation for his want of political character. The fate of the Government is no doubt very uncertain; we might even go so far as to say that it is tottering. Such strength as it has consists chiefly in the confidence which is reposed in the personal honesty of its chief. That confidence would have been rudely shaken if the blunt and narrow-minded, but right-hearted, soldier had coalesced with the shifty intriguer whose own administration furnished the least creditable page in the recent history of Italian politics.

The experience gained by Mr. Moens during his enforced residence among the brigands will no doubt enable him to throw much light upon the real character of those savages of Southern Italy. For three months he has followed the fortunes and shared the dangers and privations of a band directed by a well-known chief named Manzi; and he has at last been liberated, not by the authority of the Italian Government, or in consequence of the operations of its troops, but simply upon the payment of about 5,000 guineas in hard cash. That his captors were mere robbers, actuated by no motive of misdirected patriotism, or misplaced loyalty, is evident from the fact that, during the whole period of his confinement, Mr. Moens never heard them mention the name of the ex-King of Naples. All their conversation was about "profit"; all their anxiety as to how to "turn a penny" (*far denaro*). There can be but one feeling of satisfaction at the release of Mr. Moens, but the circumstances of his capture and confinement, and the difficulties which stood in the way of his liberation, suggest a serious doubt as to the propriety and sufficiency of the means adopted by the Italian Government for the suppres-

sion of brigandage within their territory. A comparatively large body of troops has been for some time engaged in the attempt to capture Manzi and his companions, and to set free our countryman; but the only result of their labours was to increase the sufferings of Mr. Moens, by compelling the brigands to undertake forced marches, and to double the risk run by the gentleman who had to negotiate the business of his ransom. The nature of their organization and equipment, and the facilities possessed by their adversaries for obtaining information of their approach, seriously detract from the efficiency of regular troops when employed against brigands. The formation of corps specially trained and equipped for the service, and the infliction of severe punishment upon all who are proved to have harboured or given information to the banditti, will probably be necessary before the highways and byeways of Italy can be rendered secure.

The progress of the political contest in America indicates more and more clearly the diversities of opinion which exist among influential sections of the people of that country, as to the results of the late war, and the position which is in future to be occupied by the negro on whose behalf it is said to have been waged. While the bulk of the population seem disposed to endorse the somewhat ambiguous policy of the President, to allow things to take their own course, and to make the best of a bad job; there are sections not without consequence which, less discreet, or more earnest, are on opposite grounds dissatisfied with the existing state of things, and seek to give a new direction to the internal policy of the United States. The most ardent friends of the negro in New England have urged upon the President—through the somewhat unusual medium of a letter addressed to the head of the Executive—the necessity of admitting the Blacks to the full rights of the suffrage and postponing all "re-construction" until that measure of justice has been conceded; while the extreme or Radical Democrats of Iowa, representing, it is said, the majority of the Democrats of the West, and supported by effective organizations in many counties of Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana, have at a special convention denied the right of the Government to emancipate the slaves, and condemned the very idea of negro suffrage. The same convention "endorsed" State sovereignty to its fullest extent, and protested against the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, and almost all the other measures adopted by the Government during, or in consequence of, the war; and all the speakers declared the war to be a failure, because it had settled nothing. These are samples of the views entertained by extreme sections of the two great parties. It is not probable that the ensuing elections will give the preponderance to either extreme; but the existence of such a conflict of opinion is not without significance; it must be productive of difficulty, and may lead to danger.

THE ITALIAN ARMY AND THE ITALIAN PEOPLE.

THERE seems to be an unfortunate tendency in every Continental army to harden into a separate caste, and to assume an attitude of dictation towards the rest of the nation. In Germany this assumes its most offensive form; it is sufficiently conspicuous in France, and we regret to see that it has lately manifested itself in a very unpleasant way in Italy. That country is at present in a state of vehement excitement, on account of a most improper circular issued by the Minister of War, and of the equally improper mode in which it has been acted upon by a large body of officers. A "split" in the Cabinet has already resulted from these events; one minister, Signor Lanza, has retired; and there is every probability that, if the Ministry determine to stand by their military colleague, General Petitti, they will be ejected from office in the first session of the new Parliament. Undoubtedly that Parliament will be utterly wanting to itself and to the cause of Constitutional freedom if it does not take the most prompt and decisive notice of conduct utterly at variance with the respect which the army owes to the laws, and to the rights of their fellow-subjects. This question has already assumed so much importance, and appears likely to assume so much more, that it is worth while to review briefly the conduct of the principal parties to a controversy, which, in the interests of Italian freedom, it is to be hoped, will, at no distant day, receive a very clear and decisive settlement.

At the time of the unfortunate expedition which ended at

Aspromonte, one Bennici, an officer in an Italian infantry regiment, deserted his colours to join Garibaldi. He was taken prisoner, and condemned to death, but his sentence was afterwards commuted to imprisonment; and in prison he remained until his release a few months ago. Nearly the first use he made of his liberty was to publish a book entitled, "After Aspromonte," narrating the principal events of the deplorable outbreak in which he had been an actor. Amongst these was one the horror of which no lapse of time can efface, or weaken. We will give the account in his own words:—

"On September 2, 1862, the column of volunteers commanded by Trasselli fell into the hands of the major of infantry, De Villata. This last officer immediately commanded those who were deserters to step out of the ranks. Seven came forward. Major de Villata, without even ascertaining whether they were really deserters, ordered them to be instantly shot. Many of these unfortunate men had not the power of articulating a single word; others asked leave to be allowed at least to write to their mothers; the major refused, and a few moments after seven corpses were stretched on the ground. Nevertheless, Botteri, one of them, struck by two balls, was only wounded; he was found the next day in delirium in the midst of the corpses of his comrades. A Venetian, surgeon of the regiment, promising to save him, in vain demanded mercy from the major, who gave orders that the man should be killed by a point-blank discharge."

It would have been strange if such a story, published by a man of respectability and an eye-witness, had not aroused the most vehement and general indignation. There was a universal feeling that if De Villata could not clear himself from so terrible an accusation, he was unworthy to wear the national uniform, and that immediate dismissal from the army was the least punishment with which he should be visited. The Opposition journals eagerly seized upon the incident and used it vigorously as a weapon against the Ministry, especially after Bennici's account had been confirmed by another eye-witness, of whose veracity there was not the slightest doubt. Colonel Trasselli, the commander of the Garibaldian column, to which De Villata's victims belonged, bore testimony to the strict accuracy of the statements we have already quoted, and concluded his letter, which was addressed to De Villata, with an assurance that, "Wherever I may meet you I will tear from your breast the soldier's insignia you are unworthy to wear."

To such an accusation, so supported, one would think that no officer would lose any time in replying, if a reply were possible. Such was the opinion in Italy, and it was no doubt expressed with a warmth characteristic of the country, and of a press which has not yet learnt self-restraint by the long and continuous practice of political controversy. The duty of the Government was plain. They ought to have directed an immediate inquiry into the circumstances, if inquiry was requisite. But if they knew—as is probable—that the facts stated by Bennici were true, they ought either to have cashiered De Villata, or to have come boldly forward and stated that he acted under superior orders and was therefore not responsible for what he did. Unfortunately, they took neither of these courses. The Ministry as a body seem to have desired simply to hush the matter up. Other similar stories of cruel acts done by the army in its unfortunate campaign against the Liberator of Naples and Sicily had been talked about and forgotten; and why should not this? If nothing, they thought, was done to fan it, the excitement would quietly die out, and there would be an end of the matter. It is just possible that that might have been the case had no general election been at hand, and had not General Petitti, the War Minister, issued the circular to which we have referred. That officer was the commander under whom De Villata was acting at the time when he is said to have committed the seven murders. If the subordinate merely obeyed orders, those orders must have been given by Petitti. The latter probably accepted the reproaches of the press as addressed to himself as much as to the major. At all events, he made the quarrel his own, and acted with the rashness and the folly which a man of violent temper might be expected to display under such circumstances. He told the army, in a circular which was addressed confidentially to the commanding officer of each regiment, that, although the efforts of those who had sought to attack them as a body had been defeated, there was reason to apprehend that their enemies were now about to try a different method of assault. By spreading exaggerated or calumnious imputations on individual men, they hoped, he said, ultimately to involve the army generally in the discredit cast upon its members. And he then went on to suggest, in a manner perfectly explicit in a country where duelling is still practised, what was the proper conduct of officers in such a state of things:—

"When an officer is unjustly accused, and when his conduct is irreproachable, his companions in arms ought not to hesitate to make themselves morally responsible for him. As long as acts are laid to

the charge of an officer which are far from being proved, or when it is a question of imputations which escape individual responsibility, it is right that he who is thus unjustly assailed shall find a defence and a moral support amongst his comrades, and that he should not be left in a state of isolation."

The hint thus given was immediately taken. The officers addressed letters to the newspapers in all directions, requesting them to abstain from comment until Major de Villata should have an opportunity of preparing and publishing his defence—a step, by the way, which he had never intimated the slightest intention of taking. To one newspaper, the *Movimento* of Genoa, the whole of the officers in garrison in that city joined in sending a "round robin." In that case, and perhaps in others, a duel was the result. The officers of a few regiments declined to take the matter up; but we fear that the exceptions were but inconsiderable, and that, as a body, they addressed themselves willingly and vigorously to the task of curtailing by the sword the freedom of the pen. Of course, such conduct, and the circular which had caused it, provoked a burst of indignation. If the civilian members of the Government had had their way, the matter would possibly have been settled by the withdrawal of the circular and the retirement of Petitti. But General della Marmora insisted upon standing by an old friend and a former aide-de-camp; and his colleagues had the weakness to follow him in a course which some of them at least felt to be imprudent and impolitic. Lanza, the Minister of the Interior, betrayed his opinion, by addressing to the prefects a feeble and casuistical circular, in which he vainly endeavoured to explain away the palpable meaning of Petitti's words. Of course, the public, who desired the bread of solid satisfaction and atonement, were not to be contented with such a stone as that. Lanza soon discovered that he had injured his own position without at all improving that of the Government. His colleagues did not thank him for intermeddling; and everybody else treated his special pleading with contempt. Under these circumstances he took the most prudent, if not altogether the most dignified, course open to him. He resigned his office—after having retained it just long enough to make his resignation look like an act of cowardice, and not like an act of principle.

There the matter rests for the present; but there it cannot and will not remain. It is no temporary outburst of indignation which has so moved the country, and has induced Lanza to retire from office. The Italians feel that it becomes them to settle, once for all, whether the army is to be under or above the law. They see that, so far as military matters go, the liberty of the press would be a mere name, if officers, acting under the instigation of the Minister of War, were suffered to present their swords at the breast of any obnoxious editor, and demand his silence or his life. They are justly jealous of any attempt on the part of the army to take part, as a body, in public affairs; and they are properly sensitive to the danger of permitting to grow up in its ranks such a spirit of caste—such an *esprit de corps* in the worst and most mischievous sense of the term—as would render it an available tool in the hands of any minister who may wish to violate the Constitution. Even moderate politicians, who are generally favourable to the Government of Della Marmora, feel that the conduct of Petitti constitutes far too grave an offence to be passed over in silence. The extreme Liberals are of course stimulated by bitter resentment against the men whose unfortunate duty it was to withstand Garibaldi. The Papal party—if there be such a thing in the new Parliament—will make the most of an opportunity of taking the popular side. Against such a pressure we do not see how the Government can stand. They will either have to sacrifice their colleague or to perish with him. We confess that we should be sorry to see Della Marmora driven from power; but at the same time, it is far better that a dozen ministers should be destroyed than that the prospects of Italian liberty should be compromised and endangered.

COUNT VON EULENBERG.

WHEN the King of Prussia, at his coronation, placed the crown upon his own head, he took care to inform his lieges that this act was performed, not by virtue of any right coming to him from them, but by a divine right with which they had nothing to do, but to obey it, and over which they had no control. Some of the lieges grumbled, and Europe was startled by so bold a declaration from the lips of a constitutional monarch; but the King held his own, and ever since he has acted as if he only was the state, and such a power as "the people" was beneath his contempt. Not inaccurately did he take this measure of his subjects, for surely in

all the civilized world there is no nation with such high aspirations and such poverty of spirit as the Prussians. There was an English tailor three or four years ago, who, after he had been insulted, thrashed, and robbed of his wife, by one of his lodgers, ventured at last to make a mild complaint before one of our police magistrates. He related how outrage had followed outrage, and how he had borne each with a philosophic calm till at last his persecutor pulled his nose and spit in his face at his own dinner-table. "Of course," he said, amidst roars of laughter, "I took no notice of that;" and when the magistrate came to sum up the catalogue of insults he had borne with so much patience, he decided that a man who had submitted to so much must be regarded as having deserved the last outrage—we forget now what it was—under which his heroic patience had broken down. That tailor must have had an overwhelming infusion of Prussian blood in his veins. A mere English tailor could never have ascended to such a transcendental height of philosophy. But if he was of pure British breed, his parents must at least have had strong mental affinities with the great Prussian people. Of all Europeans they only were worthy the honour of possessing such a philosopher.

When King and Ministers can with impunity browbeat the people, and set at defiance their constitutional powers, it would be hard indeed if a Count, the nephew of the Home Minister, and holding a commission in the army, should be denied the small privilege of murdering a cook. To take and hang him is, of course, not to be thought of; nor, indeed, to punish him in any way. Accordingly, we read that after being placed for a brief period under military arrest, the young Count von Eulenberg has been permitted to rejoin his regiment. In England he would have met with a very different fate; but the English constitution is a reality, and our monarchs do not reign by virtue of Divine right. In Prussia that right rests upon the sword. The King can curb his people, because he has the army at his back, and to preserve the allegiance of the army it would seem to be necessary to allow its officers every license. If we may estimate the extent of this military privilege by the case of Count von Eulenberg—a case, it seems, by no means exceptional—it may be well to hold a commission in the Prussian army, but not to be one of his Majesty's civilian subjects; nor, indeed, to be a stranger within his Majesty's gates. "Flown with insolence and wine," this young nobleman some days ago was passing with some boon companions through the streets of Bonn. Coming in the opposite direction was a young Frenchman, named Ott, who seems to have thought that he had as much right to keep the pavement as they had. To his cost he was quickly undeceived. They barred his passage, abused and ill-treated him, and, finding that he still kept his ground, the chivalrous young count drew his sabre on the unarmed man, cut him down, and then gouged out his eye. Ott was carried with his eye hanging upon his cheek to the hospital, where he died, while his murderer fled for protection to Berlin. He might have spared himself the humiliation of this cowardly flight, for after being confined for a few days to his quarters, he has been able to return to his regiment in the neighbourhood of Bonn; and though our ambassador at Berlin has been instructed to apply for redress, his remonstrances have been so little heeded, that not only is the assassin of poor Ott at large, but the Crown Prince of Prussia, our Queen's son-in-law, selected the Count's brother for his aide-de-camp when he went to Coburg to assist at the inauguration of the statue erected to the late Prince Consort by her Majesty and her children.

Now, if we are not to imitate the conduct of the tailor of whom we have above spoken, this matter cannot be allowed to rest where it does. Ott was the servant of Prince Alfred, the Queen's son. An English gentleman would disgrace himself if he permitted his servant to be abused, maltreated, and murdered, without doing all that in him lay to exact redress from the Government whose subject the murderer was. An English prince, with so much more power, can do no less than an English gentleman. We have burned with indignation at the outrages committed by the Prussian Government on their own subjects, and on Denmark. If this country had been allowed to obey its instincts, it would, in the latter case, have done something more than write impotently angry letters. But here is a case in which the lawless high-handedness of Prussia comes home to ourselves. If the servant of an English prince can be murdered with impunity by a Prussian nobleman, the *civis Romanus sum* will be a poor security for her Majesty's subjects when they trust themselves within reach of the supporters of the divine right of the Prussian King. But this is not a personal matter; it is much more one which touches us as a nation. Ott was a subject of the

Emperor of the French. As a matter of high courtesy, Louis Napoleon may stand aside and leave to the English Government the duty of exacting retribution for the murder of a man who, though a Frenchman, was in the service of an English prince. In taking that course he will be right, for the duty of revenging Ott's death lies, in the first instance, on us. If our Government shrinks from that duty; if it says practically that English royalty is no protection to those who serve it; if it sneaks out of this cause of quarrel on the plea that Ott was a French subject, then the Emperor of the French will, to our shame, be at liberty to take up the cause which, in a spirit of cowardice, we have abandoned. It will be small solace to us that he will take it up effectually. The more resolute and manly his action, the greater will be our disgrace. We shall have to hold our tongues for the future about the aggressive and domineering policy of the Prussian Government: its domestic oppressions, its foreign robberies. We shall not again dare to speak with contempt of the pusillanimous conduct of the people who stand patiently by while their dearest rights and their national manhood are trampled upon; for we shall share their ignominy. They will be able to retort our accusations of cowardice with redoubled truth. They will be able to say that the British lion has nothing to show for his valour but his roar; that we permitted the servant of an English prince to be butchered by a ruffian in the Prussian army; and that when our Queen was insulted by the presence of the murderer's brother in the suite of the Prussian Crown Prince at the late affecting ceremony at Coburg, and when the remonstrances of her Ambassador at Berlin had been treated with contempt, we relegated to our more courageous ally a duty which was imposed upon us by justice, by humanity, and by our national pride and honour.

CHURCH WORK IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

It would be ungenerous to suggest that the natives are always so much more popular in Middle Island because there have never been any Maories there worth speaking of to trouble the settler. Christianity has undoubtedly gone backward in the Northern Island. How could it be otherwise when the conduct of many of its professors has been so much at variance with the unselfish law of love by which they claim to be guided? Example is more powerful than precept. "These be your Christians," will always be the heathen's (as it is the infidel's) reply to any assertion of the purity and perfection of Christianity. A rascally land-shark will do more as a devil's missionary, than years of patient work on the part of Churchmen and Dissenters can undo. We gave the Maories the whole Bible, and (as has been well remarked) they chose the Old Testament, because in it they found the best consolation in their trials—the truest parallel, as they imagined, to their own sad case. Hence the Pai Marire heresy—a protest on the part of real believers against the creed of those who talked about Christian brotherhood in the same breath in which they looked forward complacently to the "speedy extinction" of their Maori brother. Laity as well as clergy will have to do a good deal before confidence can be restored, even after active fighting is over. Dispossessed Maories, especially those whose claims to compensation have been scornfully rejected, will not be very easily convinced of the sincerity of our Christian professions; and, unfortunately, will be too likely to extend to our religion the distrust which they feel for its professors. But though just now Church prospects in Northern New Zealand are none of the brightest, we must not forget that the island is the centre of a great work, of the extent of which few Englishmen are aware. Most of us have heard that there is a Bishop of Melanesia; but what he is doing, nay, where his diocese is, are points generally undreamed of. We have heard about missionary-slaying Erromanga; we have a sort of notion that one or two sets of Jesuits have been killed and eaten in the Solomon Isles. Is Melanesia all as dangerous as these portions of it? If so, why risk valuable English lives in the vain hope of converting unimprovable wretches who must disappear as soon as "they come in contact with civilization"? That is the way we talk; for in this case we have all the talk to ourselves. How it would be if the savages were the painters is not quite so clear. For they have, after all, a good deal to complain of, and a good deal to say for themselves in every part of the still savage world, and not in Melanesia only.

Savagery versus civilization has been lately illustrated in the daily papers by the offers made in a Far West American county of so many dollars apiece for every Indian's scalp taken in the district. The late massacre, too, of red men, women, and children by State troops, was done in an

ugly way. In fact, a volume might be filled upon the wrongs of aborigines. How often has a skipper, landing somewhere in Melanesia, got his supply of water and what not, and then has recklessly fired on the wondering natives, to the injury of the next comer? Natives imagine there is a sort of joint fellowship among all white men, sufficient, at least, to warrant them in wreaking summary vengeance on the next boat's crew which tries a landing; and then white men in return come to think that all dark skins are vindictive and treacherous savages. The Bishop of Melanesia (Patteson), in the course of his most interesting speech at the meeting at the St. Michael's Institute last May, in Christchurch, New Zealand, declined giving any details of island savagery, even at the risk of robbing his speech of a great deal of its piquancy. "It can do no good," said he, "and is apt to give wrong ideas of the usual state of life of those people. Perhaps (he significantly added) the horrors that could be told of any great English city might not be worse than many of the scenes which I have witnessed; but this I know, a man runs far greater risk of his life in the low haunts of those cities than in any islands of the South Seas. When I hear of any outbreak I can always trace up the origin of it to a white man."

Melanesia is changing, even though Bishop Selwyn's grand idea of a set of native teachers "encircling the Islands, buoyed up here and there by spiritual men from home to act as floats," has been far too imperfectly carried out. Some years ago in Bank's Island every man and boy carried arms, like the early Greeks of whom Thucydides speaks; this year the Bishop walked round the island and did not meet a single armed man. The old life of distrust, so like that which the ancient whelk-eating Britons must have led, is giving place to kindly confidence. Very excellent in its working must be the plan of taking native boys and sending them back with more or less of education to their respective homes. Excellent, if only the lads can be kept from taking in the vices of civilization as well as its "progressive ideas." At present these boys are all brought to New Zealand. The wish is to find some central island pretty near to all of them, where they might be conveniently trained without being taken so far away from their homes; but, contrary to our general notions, most of the groups are so shockingly unhealthy that it would be impossible for European teachers to live in them. The confusion of tongues, too, adds much to the difficulty of Evangelisation. Almost every island has its own language, or rather dialect; often the speech of the people on the coast is unintelligible to those in the interior. The Bishop compared the plan by which the missionaries had worked their way back to the original language to that by which a child fits in the pieces of a puzzle after first taking it asunder. It is found sufficient to teach all the native students this one language, thus curiously got at by a disintegrating process; for the habits of thought being the same, and the structural parts of the language identical, they soon become *au fait* at the dialect of the place to which they are sent—a little curious, by the way, for boys to unlearn their own mother-tongue and learn the root-language instead; as if, instead of making London speech the standard, we were to teach Anglo-Saxon to Devonshire, Stafford, and Norfolk lads alike. As to intelligence, these boys are quite up to the average. Like so many children at home, they find writing easier than reading. And they must not be reproached with poverty of ideas; for, whereas the English peasant is said only to use 800 words, the Melanesian habitually employs some 4,000.

The whole of the Bishop's speech was most interesting; even the murder of Mr. Gordon (whose brother, by the way, has not been afraid to go out in his place) he explained as the result of an epidemic of measles which had wasted the island where he laboured, and which a wicked white man, settled there, persuaded the natives was brought in by the missionary. For four months they deliberated, and Mr. Gordon quite knew his life was in danger; but the disease grew worse, and at last they "sacrificed" their teacher. At the same meeting the Bishop of Waiapu told an anecdote which certainly puts Maori notions in very pleasing contrast with the law of vendetta and other European customs. Many years ago a few Waikatas were surprised by a party from a hostile tribe; all escaped except a little girl, who was murdered in her sleep. Archdeacon Brown buried her, and when the service was over, the chief, her father, said:—"It now remains for me to say whether peace shall be made with the enemy. This is the custom. I require that this war shall be brought to a close on the death of my child." Such are the ways of South Sea savages, and if the civilization which we are going to substitute for them is of the type too common among ourselves—the "progress" which thinks it fine to keep portraits of celebrated

murderers is a fast, vulgar, pinchbeck pretence at civilization—the less we have to do both with the Maories and Melanesians, the better for them.

What a thing it would be if we could impress on all intending emigrants the truth that they have a character to support in their new country as well as a fortune to make or a family to found. It is a glorious thing to help to raise a Great Britain at the Antipodes; but those who are busy at the work need to be reminded that their New Britain ought to be better, less vicious, more truly refined, than too many phases of the old society at home.

HAMBRO' SHERRY.

WINE-DRINKERS were startled the other day by an announcement in the public papers that an enterprising wine-firm had purchased for a term of years the entire produce of the estate on which the celebrated Château-Margaux is grown. The fear lest the example of this house should be followed by other enterprising firms until the best vintages should be monopolized, and wine forced up to a famine price, was a perplexing prospect most certainly; but these bibulous gentlemen, in their fright, had scarcely estimated sufficiently the progressive tendencies of the age; and certainly they had overlooked the expansive nature of the wine trade, which is certainly equal to any occasion. If the produce of a famous vineyard is lost to public competition, the public may congratulate itself upon the acquisition of a still larger one, which is entirely independent of season, or of those trifling and tedious difficulties that nature imposes upon us. As long as the Elbe flows to the sea, or potato-spirit can be produced cheaper at Hamburg than elsewhere, we will guarantee there shall be no wine-famine. We have been led to make these remarks in consequence of reading the report of a trial which took place at the late Liverpool Summer Assizes before Baron Bramwell, in which a firm of the name of Banner, wine-merchants of Liverpool, sought to recover the price of a butt of Hambro' sherry from one Deucker, the exporter, resident in that free city, under the following circumstances:—Messrs. Banner, it appears, tempted by the demon of cheapness, ordered of the defendant a butt of Hambro' sherry, for which they paid the very moderate price of £6 per butt, or 2s. a dozen. This order was executed, and appears to have given much satisfaction to the plaintiffs, though we are not informed if it was equally satisfactory to the consumers. However, a second and larger order was the result; but this time a disturbing element appeared in the shape of the excise, which appeared upon the scene, and broke in upon the "little game" the Liverpool wine importer was playing with the stomachs of her Majesty's lieges. Wine—or what may be colourably considered wine—above a certain strength, it will be remembered, under the new wine tariff, is admitted at a duty of 2s. 6d. a gallon, and under this duty the first importation had been effected. The second importation, however, appeared to have been of too fiery a quality to suit the exciseman's fancy. At all events, the officer thought proper to ignore its designation of wine altogether, and to consider it in the light of mixed spirits, upon which the duty advances to 14s. a gallon. Of course this augmentation of price would not suit the small grocer's wine-trade; and the stuff not suiting the market, the plaintiff sought to recover its value, on the plea that the two parcels were not the same in quality. His lordship, in summing up, seemed to treat the case as he would a dispute between a forger and an utterer of forged coin; of the two, he thought the man who got rid of such trash was less blameable than the man who imported it, and the jury seemed to agree with his lordship, as they immediately returned a verdict for the defendant. In the course of the trial certain facts came out which, although well known to the trade, seem to have startled the public not a little. When we lift a stone, we are surprised at the number of noxious things the light suddenly startles into activity; and a single ray of publicity let in on the depths of the wine trade is attended with a like result. The counsel for the plaintiff, in opening his case, was candid enough to admit that "he was not heretofore aware that sherry grew in the streets of Hamburg;" and we have no doubt it must have puzzled the reader to understand the meaning of the terms "Elbe sherry," "Hambro' sherry," he sees so often advertised, inasmuch as the district in which the free city is situated lies considerably to the north of the wine-growing districts. But what is denied to the requirements of man? If grapes will not grow there, water surely will not cease to flow; if alcoholic strength cannot be obtained by vinous fermentation, proof-spirit can be obtained cheaper at that spot than in any other place in Europe; and if flavour is not

favoured by a ripening sun, the cunning chemist pooh-poohs that luminary altogether, and, with his ethyle ethers, gives the proper smack to the decoction termed "wine." Mr. Prestwich in his report on the wines imported from Hamburg at the Exhibition of 1862, very significantly states that "these wines show a marked improvement in applied chemistry"! And, indeed, it is well known to every one conversant with the question, that the production of wine in the north of Germany, and especially in Hamburg, is simply a manufacture, and nothing more. A well-known wine-merchant, in one of his trade circulars, has even gone the length of giving the ingredients of this Hambro' brew, and most convincingly shows that the wine contained in it is of a most infinitesimal quantity. "Take," he says, "40 proof gallons of fine potato-spirit, at 1s. 4d. per gallon on the spot, £2. 13s. 6d.; 66 gallons of pure Elbe water, cost nil; 4 gallons of capillaire, £1; and, to be liberal, allow that 10 gallons of luscious wine, or grape juice, are added, at a cost of £2; then the cask, 12s.; labour and shipping charges, 10s.; commission, 2s. 6d.; discount for cash, 4s.; total, £7. 2s. The enterprising shippers at £8 may thus secure a profit of 18s. per butt, or about 13 per cent. on the outlay; but when the composition consists only of diluted spirits, capillaire, and flavouring materials, minus the 10 gallons of wine or juice allowed in the estimate, the cost does not exceed £5 per 108 gallons of a liquid palmed off on the English consumer as Elbe sherry."

We perceive that the Germans themselves are beginning to find out that it is not the foreigner alone who is thus imposed on. The Prussian Minister, Von Bismarck, having been struck with the enormous amount of so-called Claret and Bergundy consumed in Berlin in comparison with the quantity that paid duty, had some of it analyzed, and found that it was adulterated stuff, such as the Hambro' people have been afflicting the Britisher with, and had never seen the fair fields of France. As the Prime Minister does not do things by halves, the professors of "Applied Chemistry" will, in all probability, find their game is spoilt; as far as Prussia is concerned, at least.

Well may the felonious compounders of Elbe sherry take offence at the proceedings of our Excise in charging the mixed-spirit duty upon it, and we trust their efforts will put a stop to the traffic altogether. We fear the profits made upon these transactions will set their wits to work to run the blockade of our customs. There is a vast amount of this stuff still entering our ports by the most roundabout channels. Hamburg being a suspected quarter in the eyes of the Excise, the shippers are now forwarding it from Havre and other ports, whence it comes in under the designation of light wines, and we no doubt see it daily in the windows of the numerous wine-shops opened since Gladstone's tariff came into operation. We know that it is stoutly asserted by the Hamburg mixers that they do no more than is done in Cadiz and Oporto, where they mix and fortify to suit the English palate. Bad as the process of adulteration going on in port and sherry is in all conscience, there is this difference between the shippers at the latter ports and those of the former—the one send us wine with a certain well-known admixture of spirit, the other spirit and water and barely any juice of the grape at all. If we only look at the wholesale trade circular list of prices, as issued in France and Germany, we shall see at once that it is impossible to send us a mixture of light German and French wines, as they say they do under the designation of Hambro' sherry, for the simple reason that the cheapest wines quoted of those countries are far dearer than the compounds of which they are bold enough to assert they are made. For instance, we find that the cheapest hock to be obtained is charged £6 the aum of 30 gallons, equal to 4s. per gallon (in bond), duty 1s., whilst the lowest priced French white wines are quoted at £6 per hogshead of 46 gallons, equal to 2s. 7d. (in bond). Thus we are asked to believe that Hambro' sherry at £6 per butt, or 1s. 2d. per gallon, is made from wines that cost originally 4s., and 2s. 7d. respectively in bond. The lie is self-evident, and we scarcely need the evidence of our palates, that the liquid is not all pure spirit, for that alone is worth from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 4d. a gallon. Having by this process of reduction reduced the compound to a mixture of Elbe water, and 37 to 38 per cent. of spirit, plus the flavoury ethyle ethers, which, like charity, cover such a multitude of sins, there we will leave the question of adulteration. But we can't help asking a single question of the consumer. What charm is there in the wines called port and sherry that you consent to be cheated and poisoned in their names? Of the thousands of vintages that can be obtained pure, is there not one worthy to take the place of wines, which, even at a fabulous price, are known to be doctored and fortified? Port and sherry are looked upon with traditional awe—like the lion and the

unicorn—as the supporters of the dinner-table. Our fathers got drunk upon them, and so will we, notwithstanding the light wines of France, Greece, and Hungary may be obtained pure at a price far below that at which we obtain the fiery liquids, which it is considered proper should flank the head of the household on all prandial occasions.

JUDGES ON CIRCUIT.

THE development of that great radical reformer, the Railway system, has made many changes in the manners and customs of English circuit life. A century ago, barristers and judges used to prepare for the assizes with the solemnity befitting a perilous and difficult undertaking. When travellers used to make their wills before journeying from London to York, when highwaymen infested every road and demanded your money or your life, with a genteel peremptoriness that would take no denial, "going the circuit" was a serious business. In distant counties the judge was sometimes in real danger, and the now nearly obsolete javelinmen were necessary for his personal safety. A Cornish miner would have thought nothing of "heaving half a brick" at his lordship. L'Estrange tells a story of Judge Richardson, which shows that neither the sanctity of the Court itself nor the awful scarlet robes availed as a protection. "In going the Western Circuit, he had a great flint stone thrown at his head by a malefactor; but, leaning low on his elbow in a lazy, reckless manner, the bullet flew too high, and only took off his hatt. Soone after, some friends congratulating him on his deliverance, he replyde, by way of jeast, 'You see now, if I had been an upright judge, I had been slaine.'"

Of late years much of the pomp and circumstance of a judicial progress has disappeared. But though there is less dignity there is absolutely no danger. An ordinary first-class carriage has replaced the lumbering coach-and-four in which the judges were accustomed to travel, and the high sheriff's procession from the railway station to their lodgings has been sadly shorn of its ancient splendour. Sometimes, indeed, it is mean and shabby to the last degree. At the recent Derby Assizes, for example, it consisted of a second-hand brougham and a dozen policemen. This, however, is an extreme case, and, as a rule, the *cortège* is respectable, though not very imposing. The Sheriff of Derbyshire seems to have copied the conduct of the crotchety Sheriff of another county, who, during his tenure of office, some time ago, provided her Majesty's representatives with no better conveyance than his own ramshackle old family chariot. As there were only two seats in this antiquated conveyance, he was himself, we presume, obliged to sit "bodkin" between the two legal dignitaries. Some slight movements in the direction of greater simplicity have also been made by the judges themselves. Thus, although they still wear the venerable costume which has descended to them from the reign of Edward I., they have discarded the hot and uncomfortable full-bottomed wig, except when they charge the grand jury. Possibly we may some day see wigs of all sorts banished, both from the Bench and from the Bar. But until very recently old-fashioned judges always assumed the full wig when trying a murder. It is difficult to see the reason of their doing so, unless from an anxious desire to give the criminal the full benefit of the majesty of the law. Strangely enough men on trial for their lives look very much to the rank of those who pass sentence of death upon them. Lord Campbell, in his amusing "Lives of the Chief Justices," relates an anecdote which proves how strong is the wish of prisoners to be hanged decently and in order. When a serjeant of great experience was going the Oxford circuit in the room of Lord Chief Justice Abbott, who had been suddenly taken ill, a man capitally convicted, upon being asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, exclaimed, "Yes; I have been tried before a journeyman judge." The comparatively plain garb of the serjeant was felt to be a poor substitute for the full-blown dignity and magnificent collar of a Chief Justice.

The passing of the capital sentence is the most disagreeable of judicial duties, and its very rarity now makes it a more formidable task than in the days when no less than one hundred and sixty acts which men were liable to commit were declared by Act of Parliament to be worthy of instant death. Then the black cap was in constant requisition, and judges thought nothing of leaving a dozen or two poor wretches in every assize town for execution. In pronouncing sentence, they often indulged in the strangest observations. Jeffreys, of course, invariably aggravated the pains of death by coarse

brutality; but in much later times there are some singular instances of want of discretion and good feeling. "I myself," writes Lord Campbell, "once heard a judge at Stafford, thus conclude an address to a prisoner convicted of uttering a forged one-pound note, after having pointed out to him the enormity of his offence, and exhorted him to prepare for another world:—'And I trust that, through the merits and mediation of our Blessed Redeemer, you may there experience that mercy which a due regard to the credit of the paper currency of the country forbids you to hope for here.'" It is still usual to address a few words of warning to a criminal condemned to die, and as might be expected from the high character of the present occupants of the Bench, they are almost always in thoroughly good taste. Mr. Baron Bramwell contents himself with passing the sentence of the law without comment, but we are not aware that any of his colleagues have as yet followed his example.

The private life of a judge of assize is far from being dull or unpleasant. He lives in lodgings provided by the county, and, except on the Welsh circuits, has the company of a brother judge. The household expenses are shared between them, and are often very considerable. In 1824 Lord Tenterden's circuit (the Western) cost him £370. Probably a smaller sum would now be sufficient, but the average expenditure cannot be less than £500 a year. Not very much is spent on entertainments. At every term the magistrates are invited to dinner, and there are also three or four Bar dinners. The viands on these occasions are unexceptionable, but by immemorial prescription, no wines, except port and sherry are provided; and when we tell our readers that the wine to be drunk is supplied only a day or two before it is wanted, they can form a tolerably correct conclusion as to the inevitable condition of the port. No dessert is ever placed on the table, and the toasts commence directly the cloth is drawn. The two judges sit in the centre of one side of the table, and their respective marshals at either end. The practice is for the judge "in commission"—that is, who is sitting on the criminal side of the court—to call the toast to his marshal, by whom it is repeated to the guests. At the magistrates' dinner, "Prosperity to the County of Blank" is the last toast given, and is the signal for a dispersion of the company. All rise directly the words are heard, and, without any adjournment for coffee, leave the judges to prepare themselves, by study or slumber, for the labours of the ensuing day. At the barristers' dinner, the parting toast is, generally speaking, "Prosperity to the Circuit;" but at the final meeting in the summer, it is "Cras animarum," which has been freely translated as meaning "To our next merry meeting in Westminster Hall." The judges wear wigs and black silk gowns at the entertainment to the magistrates, and also whenever they dine out themselves; but at the Bar dinners they appear in ordinary evening dress. It is considered respectful for every barrister on circuit to dine at least once with them, and these occasional social gatherings do much to maintain that close relationship and perfect understanding between the Bench and the Bar in England which has recently called forth the warm admiration of M. Berryer.

It remains to say a word or two about the marshals. They are usually young men just called to the Bar, or about to be called. Formerly they made a considerable amount of money, if they went a long circuit like the Home or the Northern, as they were paid by fees levied on the suitors. But what the Queen's Advocate calls "the rude hand of an unromantic legislature," has pared down their earnings seriously, and they now receive a uniform fee of seventy guineas. They live with the judges, and incur no personal expenses whatever, either in travelling or otherwise, so that even now they cannot be considered ill paid. Their duties are light and agreeable. They take it in turns to make the breakfast for their chiefs, to deliver the oath to the grand jury previous to the charge, to make abstracts of the pleadings in the causes entered for trial. They are also the constant companions of the judges in walking, riding, or driving. They can learn, too, a great deal of practice, if they choose to attend regularly in court, where a seat is reserved for them on the right hand of the judge. As may be imagined, their posts are much coveted. Their circuit is really little more than a pleasant holiday, and they have the advantage of making the acquaintance and listening to the conversation of two learned and eminent men. And if they please, they will be able to secure the friendship of many members of the circuit which they are travelling. In every point of view, both for social and educational purposes, it is a very desirable thing for a young lawyer to be for a short time, at all events, a judge's marshal. The employment is not, indeed, one in which a man of energy would care to remain. The absence of responsibility and comparative idleness would

soon become monotonous; but a student at the outset of his career, cannot fail to be benefited by close companionship with some of the leading men in his profession.

THE LATEST ELOPEMENT.

THE propensity which some people have to make bad worse is so curiously illustrated by a police case which was reported in Thursday's papers, that we may narrate the story to our readers, as a warning to "parents and guardians." It will point its own moral; and, as it savours strongly of the romance of real life, we will plunge in *medias res* without further preface.

The Rev. Robert Crosse is rector of Ockham, Surrey. Amongst his other comforts he possessed a groom and a daughter; the groom, George Smith, a boyish-looking lad, about eighteen years of age; and the daughter, Alice Caroline Crosse, according to the police reporter, "a slight lady-like young woman," aged twenty. Miss Crosse had tolerable expectancies in the way of money; and, as grooms are not usually indifferent to such considerations, it may be that "George," when he found that he had obtained that warm place in his young mistress's heart which grooms in general can only hope to find in the female occupants of their masters' kitchens, considered that fortune had dealt very generously by him, and that it was worth an effort on his part to raise himself from the position of the rector's stable-boy to that of his reverence's son-in-law. But, as far as the story of his wooing has yet been told, it does not appear that he exercised upon Miss Crosse any of those subtle blandishments which grooms of more advanced years and more mature perception of their opportunities have occasionally employed with success. It is open to grave doubt whether he ran away with Miss Alice, or whether Miss Alice ran away with him. It is clear, however, that on the morning of the 26th ult. they left Ockham together, and after a moonlight walk of five and a half miles to Weybridge Station, took the mail train to London. Mr. Crosse pursued them, and after several days' search discovered them at No. 1, St. Ann's-place, Wandsworth, and gave George into custody on the charges of abduction and robbery.

The charge of robbery is based on the allegation that Miss Crosse, in leaving her father's house, took away with her some things which belonged to her mother, under George's persuasion. Whether it can be maintained will of course turn on the question—did George abduct Miss Alice, or did Miss Alice abduct herself? She is in her twenty-first year—she was twenty in June last—and if we may believe her account of the elopement, both charges must fall to the ground. Her story is this:—George had been nearly two years in her father's service, and the intimacy between them commenced about Christmas last, "a little before, perhaps." It began in this way: "I went out riding with him, and he accompanied me as groom." Mr. Ingham, the magistrate, asked, "Who made the first advance?" "I don't exactly know," said Miss Alice; but when his worship pressed her for an answer, she said, "I think we were about equal." In an infatuation of this kind, when the first step has been taken, the other steps follow rapidly. "Did you ever go into the stable?" asked the astute magistrate. "Oh, yes," said ingenuous Miss Alice, "I have often gone into the stable, to see the horses cleaned." The ways of love are mysterious, and defy reduction to any fixed laws. One woman loves a man because he is mild and sentimental, another because he is rough and outspoken. Beauty allies herself with ugliness, and the success with the fair sex of men who are plain, broken-nosed, pitted with small-pox, low-born, or otherwise apparently unpromising, is well known. It may be that even in the seemingly unsentimental art of cleaning horses there may be a grace and a mastery which will touch some sympathetic chord in the breast of a refined woman that neither the influence of kindred or station, nor the fear of the world's scorn will be strong enough to resist. Not to dwell on so profound a subject, we may take it for granted that by some fascinating influence or other George became that one male mortal with whom alone Miss Alice thought she could unite her fate for better or worse; and, unless she has fibbed monstrously in order to shield him, it was she who first proposed that, on the 26th ult., they should take the wings of the morning and flee away together from Ockham. "I think I proposed that," she says. "There had been a great row; and I was unhappy, and I wished to leave. Then there was a great row when it was found out"—her going into the stable to see the horses cleaned—"about a week before I went away." Mr. Crosse says that he discharged the prisoner because it had been reported to him that she had been in the stable with him.

That was on the 24th—on the 26th they decamped. "I arranged it," says Miss Alice. "He was sent away at a minute's notice. I saw him in the passage when he was leaving, and I merely told him to come the night after to my bedroom window. I used to light paper in the window." The poet says that "Love will find out the way," and accordingly on the night of the 25th, or the morning of the 26th, after papa had gone to bed, which he did at midnight, Miss Alice folded a piece of paper with her dainty fingers, and like another Hero, gave her lover the signal. Luckily, or unluckily, her Leander had no Hellespont to cross. "I think he was in the lane," she says. At all events, he "came up outside," and then "I told him I should go away; I put my things out of the window, and then I got out myself. I scrambled out somehow, as I had no assistance,"—the window was 14 feet from the ground. "I think he helped me a little when I got nearly down. I think I was slipping down, and he held me. Nothing further took place, you know, except that we walked together to the station. I did not know where I was going, but I thought I was going to London. I proposed walking to Weybridge Station. It is a distance of about five miles and a half along the road. We walked there together. We took a mail train to London, and I paid the fare."

We need not follow the fugitives further in their career. Their story is a mixture of romance, bad taste, and, we regret to say, of grossness on the lady's part, which overshadows its romantic phase, and forces us to regard Miss Alice as a heroine who has not thrown herself away, even upon a groom. When she found that a license could not be obtained at Doctors' Commons without her father's consent, she went straight to Wandsworth, and took the lodgings in which she lived as his wife with "George" till the latter was taken into custody on Tuesday, upon the charges we have mentioned. But now turning from her and her ill-selected mate, what possible good could the rector of Ockham propose to himself by a proceeding which exposes to the world this lamentable story. A little reflection might have convinced him that it would be better to make the best of a bad business, rather than to make bad worse. How long Miss Alice will continue under the fascination of George Smith it is impossible to say; but that she is not only a perfectly self-possessed young woman, but is determined to go through with this unfortunate love affair, is clear from her bearing and evidence in the Wandsworth police-court. As a question of morality, there can be no doubt that the right course for Mr. Crosse to have adopted was to give the sanction of marriage to an intimacy which, for the present at least, seems certain to continue, with or without it. And, though we should be loth to urge in favour of this course an argument which might seem to challenge his own prudence in the government of his family, we cannot but think that it was a blunder on his part to allow his daughter to ride out as he did, if she has spoken the truth, with his groom for her only companion. It seems strange, also, that she could have been in the habit of going into the stable alone, as she says she did "often," if there had been that strict watchfulness which the most indulgent and confident of parents should never omit. It is not a thing heard of now for the first time that young ladies will fall in love with music-masters, riding-masters, dancing-masters, or even grooms, when the opportunity for such ill-suited attachments has been given by parents exemplary in every other respect except in that caution which bars every approach to danger, even where it seems most improbable.

HOTELS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Nothing is more common than to hear and read reproaches upon British taste because of its apparent preference for foreign over home scenery. It has even been elevated into one of the characteristics of "snobbery," that people resort to the Rhine and the Alps instead of to the Lakes and the Highlands. And there is doubtless some truth in this. Undeniably there are some persons who sneer at the domestic, in order to prove their superiority by acquaintance with the foreign. But his is, at all events, not the sole reason that makes travelling abroad more common than at home, and the scenery of Germany and Switzerland better known than that of Devonshire or Wales. There is the reason more potent than fashion, and more universal than snobbery, that travelling at home is far more expensive than it is abroad. Railway charges forbid us to go as far in England as we can abroad. Hotel charges forbid us to stay away from home as long in England as we can abroad. Between the two, the sum which would suffice for a six weeks tour on the Continent will only serve us for a bare four weeks at home. People whose incomes are not unlimited, cannot but

note and act upon this difference. They are indisposed to sacrifice a part of their holiday to patriotism, when patriotism takes the shape of supporting inferior hotels at heavier prices. They do not like the alternative of going into lodgings. It ties them down to one spot, and entails all the domestic trouble from which they wish to obtain relief. So as the choice—so far as seeing the scenery, the people, and the other "sights" is concerned—lies between a short and dear tour in England and a long and cheap one on the Continent, it is not very wonderful that we should find the Continent so often carry the day.

But it may certainly be suggested, that this difference ought not, at least in so marked a degree, to exist. It is true that both food and labour are, to some extent, cheaper on the Continent than in England. But the first cost of the food supplied in an hotel forms so small a fraction of the price charged for it, that a little difference in the value of the raw material cannot make a considerable difference in the final charge. As to labour, it must be recollected that there is a wonderful uniformity in its value all over the world, whatever be the nominal rate of wages; and that low wages by no means indicate that a given quantity of work can be done more cheaply. Besides, so far as hotel service is concerned, it forms a distinct item in the bill in all countries; so that, in considering the charges for rooms or for meals, it does not enter as a disturbing element. Lastly, it is urged that foreign hotels are cheap because of their *table-d'hôte*. But there is a double answer to this allegation. In the first place, the plea would in any case affect only the dinner; for the other meals, even abroad, are not on the *table-d'hôte* plan. But in the second, and decisive place, why are we not furnished with *table-d'hôte* dinners in England? It is idle to pretend that they would not suit English fashion, seeing that Englishmen crowd to them abroad, and patronize them at home, wherever, as at Scarborough, Harrogate, and a dozen other places, they find them established. It is indeed absurd to suppose that Englishmen and Englishwomen would, when travelling, prefer to pay 5s. a head for a bad dinner of a few dishes, when the choice was offered them of a good dinner with double the number of dishes at half the price. The theory is as absurd as that which is now exploded, but which hotel-keepers long maintained as an article of absolute faith, that the British lady preferred the so-called privacy of a stuffy "parlour" to the ease and comfort and good air of a coffee-room. They now discover that the highest in the land prefer a public room for their meals, and they would equally discover the general preference for a well-appointed *table-d'hôte* if their interest did not forbid them to allow such an institution to be generally established.

But let us leave these generalities and examine a little into the details of the hotel-keeper's charges and profits. Conveniently for our purpose he divides them himself into the several component parts of which his own outlay consists. He pays rent, wages, candles, and the price of provisions, and he charges each separately under the head of apartments, attendance, lights, and meals. As to apartments the best hotels charge from 3s. to 5s. for a bedroom, and from 4s. to 6s. for a sitting-room. It is a very low average, therefore, if we assume 4s. per day as the rent of every room in the house. This amounts to £73 a year. Now it is a high average if we assume each room to cost in building, with its proportion of the furnishing of the whole house, £200; interest on which, at 10 per cent., is £20 a year. Assuming that the room was unoccupied for even half the year, we should still find that the landlord made a profit of £33, covering his outlay with a secured interest of £20 a year. This certainly is a profit beyond what is usual in other trades, or reasonable in any. Next as to attendance. Each occupant of a bedroom pays 1s. 6d. to 2s. per night for this item—a total of £27 to £36 a year. Now as the waiter, chambermaid, and boots attend to a very considerable number of such rooms, it is equally obvious that in hotels we pay, for service, an amount which must very much more than pay the actual wages, and which must yield a great profit to the employer without any risk on his part at all. It is quite well known that in the days when people paid the servants directly, those functionaries gave large premiums for the privilege of serving the public at such rates. Next as to lights. It is really a marvellous instance of the actual power of impudence, that a charge of a couple of shillings for an article which everybody knows actually costs a couple of pence, should be so persistently made and allowed. But, passing over this, let us come to the subject of meals. Here we have half a crown charged for a breakfast, of which the net cost is under sixpence; five shillings for a dinner intrinsically worth eighteenpence; and a cup of tea, value threehalfpence, put down at a shilling. Keeping in mind that these prices are merely for the articles,

seeing that the rooms in which they are consumed, and the servants by whom they are prepared, are all paid for separately, it cannot be denied that they exhibit a rate of profit nothing less than exorbitant. The result is that no person who lives in an hotel can live under the rate of thirteen to fifteen shillings a day—a rate which persons of moderate means cannot long keep up, while on the Continent he will find it not possible to spend above eight to ten shillings a day, including wine. This we state from the actual bills of a number of the leading Continental tourist hotels now before us—hotels which, depending solely on their summer season, have an excuse for high charges which few among our English hotels are entitled to put forward.

It may be asked why such prices should prevail in a business open to competition. The answer is that the hotel business is not open to competition in the ordinary sense. Competition is effectual where the customers are able to compare, and select the seller who gives the best bargain. But, as we showed a fortnight ago, there are at present no means by which the customers can compare the merits of different hotels, since it is seldom that any except commercial travellers have occasion to compare the different hotels of one town. So each innkeeper charges his traditional prices, always rising when there is excuse for a rise, but never falling when the reduction of duties on such staple articles as tea, sugar, bread, &c., brings down their cost price to half what it was in former times. It is true that innkeepers do not often retire on large fortunes. But, then, they are often given to habits somewhat opposed to accumulation. There is a good deal of betting among them, a fair amount of drinking (or the statistics of life tell false tales), a great deal of joviality and hospitality to their private friends. Nobody grudges them these enjoyments, but we may naturally demur to paying five times the value of every thing we want, in order that hotel-keepers may be jolly. In fact, if we find that a Great Western Hotel Company, under all the disadvantages of company management, can pay 40 per cent. for a series of years, we may certainly infer that a house at fair rent, and superintended by an active manager, might reduce its prices by one half, and yet leave him a fair remuneration.

For this, however, we may not hope, unless there should be some means of knowledge more direct, specific, and effective than the advertising page of *Bradshaw*, in which everybody recommends his own house as the cheapest and the best. What we want is a means of communication between tourist and tourist, traveller and traveller, through which a stranger may profit by the experience of his predecessors. An association such as we have described would give us this; it would be the deathblow of exorbitancy, extortion, and discomfort, and it would inaugurate a new era of convenience and cheapness. It would do for England what Murray has done for the Continent, and the result would be that Englishmen would no longer be kept in ignorance of England, and driven to the Continent for their relaxation and enjoyment.

WOMANDOM.

THAT all distinction between right and wrong is at an end, is an observation which we have more than once heard made by pious people who, with a churchyard expression of countenance, lament over the present depravity of human nature. In one point, however, this very comprehensive observation does not hold true. There is no tendency whatever on the part of womandom to mash up their "rights" and "wrongs" into a "patent treacle." As long as society lasts, the "rights" and "wrongs" of womandom will remain diametrically opposed. "Woman's wrongs" is a phrase expressive of the treatment which she receives at the hands of the majority of mankind; while by "woman's rights" is to be understood her undoubted privilege of inflicting whatever wrong she may wish upon the members of society in general, and the sterner sex in particular. Such is the essence of what a certain class of loquacious philanthropists would have us believe is the true theory of the rights and wrongs of womandom. How far woman has a "right" to do just what she pleases; and how far it is wrong for that strange mystic being called "society" to impose certain restrictions upon the actions and employments of women is an essentially practical question, which, however, rests upon a basis of principle. Before we can properly and satisfactorily discuss such questions as dress, marriage, the employment of women, and that long category of subjects on which strong-minded and strong-voiced females are accustomed to dilate, we must arrive at some definite conclusion as to what is really meant by the "rights of women." No person of any observation can possibly be ignorant of

the fact that at present there is a very great tendency to abolish many of the formal distinctions which have existed between the employments of men and women; and it is seriously argued that women should not be so dependent upon men as they have been heretofore, but have a perfect "right" to engage in those lucrative employments which have hitherto been absorbed by the sterner portion of humanity. That the throwing open of professions to women would relieve in some measure the wants of which we hear so many complaints, is undoubtedly true. There is scarcely any imaginable change which would not be productive of some good. But the real question is whether a decided change in the relative positions of men and women would be attended with greater advantage or detriment to the community at large. This question is often very easily answered, if we clearly understand what is woman's real mission.

It will not be a difficult matter for any one who gives a little time and attention to the consideration of the matter, to see that all classes of womandom are at present influenced by one mode of thought in respect to their rights and wrongs, however different the development of this may be in action, according to the social position of the woman. The carrying of gentlemen's walking-canes, the wearing of well-starched "stick-up collars" by young ladies at the sea-side, and the loose conversation carried on by fair ones in Belgravian drawing-rooms on such dubious subjects as villas and ponies at Richmond, and on such unmistakable topics as divorce cases and Anonymas, are the natural practical results of the tendencies of the same modern modes of female thought as have produced—in other directions—the formation of societies with the avowed object of levelling the barriers which have heretofore existed between the employments of men and women. In every country and in every state of society, some ideal of perfection is formed by womandom. One class set themselves to conform all their employments to the theory from which this ideal has sprung. The same operation engages the attention of another class in respect to their pleasures. In most countries and ages, however, it has so happened that what we may term the ideal has been purely spiritual in conception, and so no practical evil has resulted. Thus, for instance, beauty was the Grecian ideal. But from the mode of thought which produced in language the ornate eloquence of Demosthenes; in sculpture the perfect proportions of the Apollo Belvidere and the Phydian Zeus; and in public amusements the rounded muscles of the gladiators—Grecian womandom formed no more harmful idol than the Goddess of Beauty. There was no danger in this case of the delicate charms of Venus being developed into the brawny limbs of a Hercules. But in modern times our modes of thought have become essentially practical, and everything is measured and estimated by a practical standard. And thus, when woman formed an ideal of the perfection of her duty and mission, it was a practical principle, as distinguished from a spiritual conception like that of Grecian beauty. In this way it happens that the practical spirit which has given birth to so many schemes of benevolence—so many enterprises of commerce—so many achievements of science, has led woman to form a wrong ideal of her duty and her mission. When the Greek set up beauty as the sum and essence of all things, he was undoubtedly wrong; but, supposing that the ideal was correct, the distinction between Venus and Hercules was philosophical and sound. Beauty was the object set up by mankind and womankind alike. But the one sought it in the development of muscular power, the other in the perfection of female loveliness. In adopting the practical mode of thought which influences men in the present day, womandom has lost sight of this distinction, which must mark the practical development of the same principle in the case of the different sexes.

Now, the true practical mission of woman is to be the supplement of the man. The practical character of the age tends to make man more and more deficient in all those small *etceteras* of humanity which go to make up the completeness of his nature. The more women engage in the same occupations as men, the more will they become deficient in these very same points, and thus we shall have all the evil results of a practical age influencing humanity in every direction without any mitigation. As man seeks to become each year more manly in fulfilling the great practical duties of life, so should woman strive to become—not more manly, but more womanly. Unfortunately, however, at present the great tendency of womankind is to become not more womanly in amusements and in occupation, but more manly. And what must be the inevitable result? The more manly women become, the less men care for their society and conversation. We value the society of women just so far as we can find in their conversation

and habits what we cannot get in the society of our male acquaintances.

But if our young lady friends become doctors and lawyers, barristers and government clerks, their conversation will become a kind of milk-and-water edition of the talk of male clerks and barristers. It will have all its faults with none of its virtues. Or, if fashionable young ladies, who scorn the idea of becoming "professional," ape the conversation of men in talking of fast horses and loose women, the result will be precisely the same. A man can talk much more freely on such subjects to his friend Brown at the club, and he therefore prefers Brown's society infinitely to that of petticoated conversationalists on the same subjects, who cannot talk half so well. No wonder that we often hear complaints of the disinclination which young men at present have to matrimony. If, from the general conversation and habits of his young lady acquaintances a man is led to believe that when married the society of his wife and her lady friends will be much the same as what he has been accustomed to at his office or his club, he feels very much disinclined to seek, at so great a risk, what he can have better elsewhere without any trouble. And this view of the matter will gain ground every year amongst men until women, by their conversation, habits, and modes of thought, show that the peculiar something, for which man longs as he returns from the dust and heat of the day's battle, is to be found in the society of virtuous women, and nowhere else. But then, to effect this our fair friends must give up in all departments the mandom which they are absorbing into and making synonymous with womandom, whether as exhibited in the rose-pink sentimentalism which would have them engaged in professional pursuits, or the less decent conduct and more fashionable style of womandom, whose conversation is generally a display of ingenuity in insinuating things that are "naughty" without positively using any words that are wrong—who are not ashamed to describe a certain class of females as ladies of the *demi-monde*, but would blush with virtuous indignation to hear them called, in plain English, "harlots"—who amuse their young lady friends, and even astonish their own mothers by the accuracy with which they can estimate the virtue of a female passer-by in the park from the colour of her bonnet and the shape of her boot.

It is high time that there was an end to all this. There is nothing romantic about such a state of things; it is simply indecent and disgusting, an abandonment by woman of all that she should hold dear. It is not in increasing the extravagances and follies, but in supplementing the deficiencies of man's nature, that woman is to find her mission. It was never intended that woman should be a second edition of man, neither revised nor improved. It was not good for man to be alone; for humanity would then have been incomplete and imperfect. To perfect and complete the deficiency which the wear and tear and turmoil of life creates in man by making him forgetful of the more spiritual portion of his nature, is woman's true mission, and in the accomplishment of it she shall have a great reward. Woman is not to be the small echo of man, as in a shell we catch the whisper of the ocean's roar, but rather the agent of that Divine voice, which is to breathe over the big storm-lashed main of humanity, "Peace, be still." It is woman's "right" to make man what he ought to be, and not to make herself what it was never intended in the economy of nature that she should be. It is woman's "wrong" to herself and to mankind to rob him of that element in society which tends to spiritualize where he is too material, and to refine where he is base and sordid. It is hers to make man better, not to make herself worse; and let womandom rest assured that empty clamours for imaginary rights can never altogether drown the voice of these real and terrible wrongs.

ON DIFFERENCES OF TIME.

THE fact that rather more than a hundred years ago there was on one occasion no such day as this 9th of September, leads not unnaturally to some reflections on differences of time. If the earth were but a level plain, as the ancient poets represented it, and the horses of the Sun had nothing to do but rise from their cool stables in Ocean and canter without irregularity across the sky, geographers would be relieved from the necessities which the complications of terrestrial latitude and longitude entail, and our maps would assume, without distortion of facts, an appearance resembling that puzzle of the youthful mind, Mercator's Projection. Men in all parts of the world might break their nocturnal fast at the same hour if they chose, though even then the different degrees of human idleness would

differentiate the various breakfast hours pretty nearly as completely as do now diversities of longitudinal position. All who did not turn night into day would then sleep, or try to sleep, simultaneously, and the stock of ghosts must be considerably increased, for midnight would happen at the same instant all over the world, and the same ghost could no longer, as now, play his part in more than one theatre.

Our spherical form has its advantages, but no doubt it introduces peculiarities to which we should be strangers were the fiction of the poets invested with prosaic reality. It is necessary, for instance, to submit to the fact that the sun does not rise at the same moment upon us in London and upon our friends a hundred miles west, nor is noon with them coincident with noon here. It is also a fact, not a necessary fact, but certainly a very convenient one, that our whole system of regulating time by watches is a gigantic imposture, so far as it claims to represent the real time of the day. We live, in fact, on a forgery. We invent a sham sun, and by it we rule our business hours, regardless of what the true sun may be doing, to the extent sometimes of a quarter of an hour, an amount which is increased from other causes to at least twice as much in many parts of the kingdom.

Men are very touchy about time. When they have it they waste it in manifold ways; but when they are or seem to be defrauded of it, they at once become virtuously provident, which means very irate. It is well known how utterly the people of some parts of England rebelled against the change of style introduced in the middle of the last century, when a decision of the Government cut off eleven of the pleasant early days of September, and by so many days shortened the year 1752. It was, the common people said, equivalent to wholesale murder. It deprived them all of eleven days of life, and they therefore rioted and shouted, "Give us back our eleven days!" Nor were they alone in that view. The cattle still continued to perform their accustomed midnight genuflection on Christmas-day Old Style, or Twelfth-day as we call it, though the blood of St. Januarius proved more accommodating and went through its liquefaction on the 19th September New Style. In Switzerland party-spirit ran high, and the Gregorian and anti-Gregorian factions kept up a warm animosity. Coire would have nothing to do with the change; Uri was of a different opinion. A magistrate was appointed from each of those districts to settle the vexed question, and they sagely determined that however their fellow-countrymen might quarrel, their towns would keep the peace and split the difference, each giving in to the extent of five days. Even so lately as 1816, and in so enlightened a capital as Paris, an insurrectional movement was feared from a somewhat similar cause, when the real sun was dispossessed to make way for the mean sun, and the workmen found that their days were thus divided into two unequal portions. Bréquet and the other clockmakers of Paris were then for ever freed from the importunities of their customers, to whom it had before seemed a thing unreasonable that clocks by such renowned makers should not keep time more exactly with the erratic true sun.

These, however, are questions of the past, and we have differences of the present day to speak of. To use the ordinary language which is conventionally considered correct, in spite of the purists who find fault with the Old Testament for speaking of the sun as moving and standing still, that luminary performs the three hundred and sixtieth part of its course in about four minutes, and therefore the hour of true or of mean noon will differ by four minutes in two places longitudinally distant one degree. Liverpool, for instance, is 3° west of London, and so the London time is really twelve minutes in advance of Liverpool time; and a busy Liverpool man coming to town for a pressing business engagement, or a hungry man to a punctual dinner, would find himself by so much late for his appointment or his soup if it were not that by a wise arrangement the time throughout England and Scotland is regulated by the Greenwich noon. Ireland patristically maintains its privilege of differing from the stepmother country, and so a rapid journey from London to Dublin is enough to shake a man's confidence in the watch that never went wrong before. The only satisfaction is that one gains time in that way—apparently adding so many minutes to the natural term of life; and it is possible to conceive the fear of shortening life again, combined with the experience acquired of the horrors of the Channel, preventing a superstitious and delicate elderly person from returning to England from the happy isle of the west. Even without being superstitious, or delicate, or elderly, a traveller is not altogether unmoved when he finds himself under the necessity of annihilating some twenty or thirty minutes of daylight, and moving on the hands of his watch as soon as he comes within the range of Paris or

Swiss time; and one or two curious problems are suggested by the tower in Geneva whereon three new clock faces mark *heure de Paris*, *heure de Berne*, and *heure de Genève*. "Beauty sleep," for instance, as slumber during the proverbial hour before midnight is designated, how is it counted? Let a maiden go to sleep at eleven o'clock on the French side of the frontier, *heure de Paris*, and she earns an hour's worth of roses for her cheeks; in the next house, four yards off perhaps, her neighbour must go to bed twenty-one minutes sooner to win the same amount of natural cosmetic. A man who has prejudices on this subject of annihilation of time, will regulate his arrival at a town like Geneva according to the form his prejudices take. He may prefer to lose twenty minutes of the day, or he may choose to be robbed of so much night. There was once an institution far from any town, possessed of a large clock which gave the law to the world within the walls, but gave it in the most capricious manner. The institution embraced three classes of inmates, boys, masters, and servants. Periodically the news came from the distant town that the clock was twenty minutes slow, or a quarter of an hour fast, and of course it must be set right. But which of the three classes was to gain or lose, as the case might be? If the clock was put on twenty minutes during school-hours, the boys got practically twenty minutes' release from lessons, and the masters were defrauded of so much work. On the other hand, if the change was made in play hours, the cricket and the mischief were cut short. There was but one way out of it—to put the clock on in the night. But then the servants protested, and not without reason. They had to get up twenty minutes before what they considered to be the statute time, and were deprived of twenty minutes of bed. The experiment of taking six or seven minutes a piece from work, play, and sleep was tried; but it was found that this gave no satisfaction, for the advocates of each had expected to receive the whole advantage. Many curious questions as to the day of a birth, or the date of a deed, or the legality of a marriage, might arise from such a state of things, and, indeed, more than one writer of fiction has made use of something of the kind to complicate his plot or heighten the marvels of a ghost story; and in a recent criminal trial of world-wide interest, the possibility of observed time being after all half an hour wrong was strongly insisted upon.

THE RIGHT OF HISSING.

AMONGST many things which they do *not* manage better in France than in England, the relation between audience and actors seems to be one. At Lyons, on the evening of yesterday week, certain things were done not in the best possible manner, as it appears to us. The Lyonnais, we know, is a highly impulsive creature, terribly touchy on the score of his civil rights, ever ready to throw by his shuttle and turn to barricade-building in support of his political ideas; but his tendency, we fancy, is to overdo his part in the drama of public life. He delights in strong sensations; thrilling situations have an irresistible charm for him. Nobody can tell what the end of a row will be, when begun in the streets of the second city of the Empire. What is it makes weavers and tailors so dangerously excitable? We ourselves cannot answer the question off-hand; the fact, however, is well established, and the weaver of Lyons is more dangerously excitable than his brother craftsman in any other city of the world. He is the born terror—not altogether an unwholesome one, perhaps—of his rulers, who must have felt particularly uncomfortable when the news of his latest doings was flashed to them along the electric wires on the night of Friday week. "Paving-stones torn up!—An omnibus overturned!"—the same words might have given the alarm on many a past occasion, when infantry, cavalry, and artillery had hard work to quiet the too demonstrative weavers of Lyons. They were significant enough when they came with the supplementary intelligence that the work of quieting had been effected with one dangerous bayonet-thrust. The cause of this little display of character is interesting. An attempt is being made to deprive the Lyonnais of a long-enjoyed privilege—that of hissing actors who fail to please his taste on the first night of their appearance before him. So well was this kind of judgment and verdict understood and recognised, that theatrical managers made the custom the basis of their agreement with new actors, whose engagements were considered to have been cancelled when the audience manifested disapprobation by hissing. For some reasons, not at present explained in the French newspapers, the new manager of the Grand Théâtre at Lyons, M. Raphaël Felix, brother to the late

Madame Rachel, made known to his patrons and the general public that he intended, on the re-opening of his theatre, to cease to pay any heed to the *sifflots* that might be thrown at the heads, or rather voices, of any of his company. This was like trailing the tail of his coat on the ground, and challenging the tread of men who never hesitate to accept a challenge, and fight for what is theirs, or for what they desire to have; hundreds of feet were stamped upon it at once. Constituted authority stood up in the most conspicuous place and displayed the emblem of its office—the tricolour—about its waist, so that there might be no mistake in that respect. But the Lyonnais, when his hot blood is roused, does not care a button for the insignia of constituted authority. M. Raphaël Felix had attacked the right to hiss: "*A bas Raphaël! Raphaël à la lanterne!*" Constituted authority—as in duty bound—drove the foaming and yelling *émeutier* out of one door; he rushed in again, more foaming, and yelling more loudly, at the other. Then he set to work to tear up the seats, and smash all the chairs and other moveables that came to his hand. His blood hotter than ever, he rushes to the manager's house, tears up the paving-stones in front of it, and with them demolishes every door and window he can let fly at. M. Raphaël Felix is, moreover, not the only manager with whom the Lyonnais is at issue that evening. Why, we are not yet informed, but the theatre of Célestine is attacked, and every reachable window in it shivered into fragments. Even at midnight the Lyonnais was hardly quieted down sufficiently to be considered no longer dangerous. What observers most anxiously noted, from his conduct during the evening, was his instant readiness to perform in all its details the arduous rôle of an accomplished *émeutier*. The word "soldiers" had scarcely reached his ear before he had overturned an omnibus, and with the help of a few chairs and tables made it the beginning of a barricade. To Frenchmen we leave the reflections that spring naturally from the observation of so remarkable a trait.

What strikes us, in contemplating the Lyons riot, is the enormous difference between the effect produced upon the Lyonnais and those that would, under similar circumstances, have been produced upon the London, or even the Manchester play-goer. Something not very unlike the action of M. Raphaël Felix was, a few months ago, attempted by the manager of a London theatre; all it led to was, that some smart reproofs were given him in the columns of the daily and weekly newspapers. No doubt the one or two policemen nightly stationed in the theatre would have proved abundantly capable of putting down an *émeute* if, by any inconceivable chance, any of the audience had been insane enough to attempt one. The occasion referred to, in fact, afforded a very fair pretext for a demonstration of the public's right—a right dating back at least to the time of Cicero—to pass judgment upon a dramatic work presented for its approval. It seemed to us at the time, and in view of the Lyonnais affair, it seems to us now, a pity that the audience did not emphatically assert their right to hiss a performance which, there was no doubt, greatly displeased it. But it has long been observed that the old salutary practice of hissing at theatres has fallen into disuse in England. That it is so is a great pity. One consequence is that managers—as in the case to which we have just referred—come to hold the taste of the public too cheap, and do things, and suffer things to be done, in their theatres, injurious to themselves, their authors, actors, and the public. Within the last three months, three or four pieces have been produced, and "kept in the bills," which, if the public had exercised its proper right, would have been hissed off the stage on their first performance. In Paris, as everybody has heard, the applause which is given to a new piece or a new actor is a matter of organization. In the case of a new piece, the *chef de claque* attends the rehearsals, and has his marked manuscript equally with the prompter. The plan is advocated on the ground of its usefulness. *Monsieur le chef* is a man of taste and great experience in matters of dramatic art; he subjects the new work on which he is to exercise his taste and experience to a rigid scrutiny, and detects merits in it which the public might fail to recognise for itself amid the excitements of a "first night." To these merits he calls attention with the unerring precision of a machine perfectly organized for the purpose. The public occasionally dissent from the view taken by *Monsieur le chef*, and when it does so there is generally a tolerably smart encounter of forces, the public's independent hiss rarely failing to win the victory against the hireling applauses of *Monsieur le chef*. They do these things, but not better, as we conceive, in France. It is only the supineness of the public in England on the subject of their wholesome right of hissing objectionable performances on the stage, that is regrettable. The practice is revivable at any moment, and we shall be glad to

see it in operation on the earliest convenient occasion. From various causes, one of which has certainly been lax criticism, the literature of the English stage has failed to keep pace with the book literature of the last half century. Managers and actors have been spoiled by the easiness of the terms on which they have been permitted to do the work of public entertainers, and authors and public have fared badly at their hands. For this there is a remedy, decisive, certain, when judiciously applied—the well-trying and too-long-disused hiss. The Lyonnais knows the value of his right to use this remedy, and is ready to fly to the dreadful barricade in defence of it. M. Raphaël Felix will, in all likelihood, be obliged to own himself beaten, and the right of hissing will be reconfirmed as a precious possession of the weavers of Lyons. The occasion seems a good one for reminding English lovers of the drama and the stage that they have the same right, and that the exercise of it cannot be anything but beneficial.

THE VENTILATION OF SEWERS.

It is certainly not very flattering to the English character to find that we are never prepared to meet dangers that are continually threatening, and indeed have often come. A few years ago we were in a perpetual state of panic about a French invasion; for these last thirty years we have every season been more or less in dread of a visitation of cholera. Nevertheless, whilst even under the shadow of the wing of the angel of death, we go on heaping up the carrion which we know will attract him. A few years ago we commenced re-sewering London, and this vast undertaking is now nearly brought to a close. We have provided, at the cost of millions, for the escape of the sewage from our houses, and for its conveyance miles away into the country, but we have forgotten altogether to provide for the foul gases they engender. At the present moment the metropolis underground is one vast network of tubes filled with the foulest decaying animal and vegetable matter, which, for want of water—its necessary vehicle—lies quite stagnant, and employs itself in giving forth gases which are noxious to human life. When this system of drainage was laid down it must have been evident to the engineer that during certain seasons of drought the drains, as carrying powers, would be inoperative; and yet, knowing this, it was systematically arranged to ventilate the sewers at certain intervals by means of gratings opening into the middle of the road—that is, to organize a system of tubes to carry our filth away, and then to make holes in these pipes to let the only dangerous element it contains escape immediately under our noses. This is a fine example of the method, "How not to do it." We are told, indeed, that the sewer men could not live in the poisonous channels they traverse unless this precaution were taken. From which it would appear that it had never struck the engineer that it is as easy to make gases circulate as to make water move. Dr. Fuller, who has just called the public attention to what has been urged over and over again for years, namely, that we cannot empty the sulphuretted hydrogen from our sewers into our streets through entrapped vent-holes and gullies without inviting cholera, has done good service. But he has only looked at one element of the question. It is bad enough to ventilate our sewers through these openings, but here, at least, the gases become dispersed and oxidized in the open air, and what the atmosphere cannot accomplish, possibly charcoal traps cunningly placed, and protected from damp, will in some measure effect. But, if every outside gully and trap were thus cut off, we should still have the gullies and drains in our own houses to deal with, and to the venom of these the openings of street drains are as healthy gales. It is well said that the smallest footpath leads to the end of the world, and with equal truth it may be remarked that the smallest pipe that takes away water from our houses is capable of sucking in the subterranean sea of poisonous air. Let us look at the conditions under which the poor are placed in this regard; and for the matter of that many of the well-to-do also. The habitations of poverty are always small and necessarily over crowded; even in the hottest weather there must be a fire at some time of the day to cook with. A fire, as we all know, acts as an air-pump. Where there are many families living in one house, the pumping power is increased. Now, there are no such things as water-closets in the houses of the poor; consequently the privies open at once into the sewers, and the gases from them are, of course, pumped right into the apartments. It follows that, in the present ventilated condition of our drains, and the entrapped state of the closets among the very poor, a most cunningly-devised plan has been carried out of flooding their habi-

tations with sewer gas. Now, all the charcoal traps in the world, placed in the gully-holes and sewer ventilators, would not correct this deadly evil. It is quite clear that the only way to solve the problem is not to ventilate upwards from the sewers to the outside air, but to flush the gases downwards and outwards with oxygen from the gully-holes, &c. If we look at a coal-mine we shall at once see that this can be done with ease. A fire at the up-cast pit-head drags, as it were, a pure breeze through the down-cast shaft, and along the intricate passages in which the miner sits at work. Now if the air were sucked through the outfall of the great main sewer at Barking-creek by means of fire—or, perhaps, still more conveniently, by means of a large pneumatic fan-wheel worked by a steam-engine, such as we find employed to exhaust the air in the pneumatic railway—the problem would be solved; we should have a down-current of pure air sucked into the gully-holes and street ventilators, and we should have the comparatively tainted air of our dwellings also sucked down and away by the traps and sinks to fill up the vacuum caused by the exhausting action of the pneumatic-pump at Barking. It is possible that many pumps would be requisite to thoroughly exhaust the sewers of London of their foul gases, but that is a matter only of detail. The principle, we feel satisfied, is the only one that will meet the evil, for we may as well ask any householder to manage his own drainage as to require him to ventilate his own sewer system. Such a duty is clearly a municipal function, and can only be carried on by centralized action. That by such means we may fan away a large portion of the typhus now resident among us in certain quarters of the town, we do not doubt; and who knows but that these very noxious gases may some day be of value, like the decaying matter from which they emanate. Charcoal filters, it must be remembered, will not act when the charcoal is damp, and how they are to be so placed as to escape the chance of imbibing moisture is a puzzle to us, which Dr. Letheby in his letter to the *Times* has most certainly not cleared up. Moist charcoal is simply spoiled charcoal; and, as it is evident that it must become moist if it is brought into contact with the external air, it follows that at certain intervals this filtering medium must be changed. But who is to watch the hydrometer, to see when this must be done? Again, charcoal, it is believed, can no more absorb all the noxious gases of the sewers than it can filter away all the noxious elements chemically suspended in water. But without noticing this objection, we may fairly conclude that it would be destructive to any system of thorough and sustained ventilation to leave its accomplishment to a number of conflicting parishes. To be effectually done it must be done by the iron limbs of the steam-engine, imitating known natural laws of atmospheric circulation. We must create, by artificial means in short, regular trade winds through our sewers, and not trust to the careless hands of parish officers to arrange elaborate carbon traps, which, of course, would be neglected the moment the cholera panic had subsided. The nuisance of dust-bins can only, as Dr. Fuller very justly observes, be met by more frequent removal; but the contracts have been made for certain fortnightly removals, and this can't be done. Of course, the parish authorities are not to be put out by cholera, or anything else; so we may depend upon it we shall not be visited by the dust-cart one day oftener, although the dead-cart come never so often. It is fortunate that the dust itself acts as a powerful absorber and deodorizer of the animal and vegetable refuse thrown amongst us, otherwise our dust-bins would be as fertile a cause of fever and cholera as our drains. There is no reason why the dust-bin may not be so constructed as to be put in connection with the sewers, and then the gases they give off would be drained away harmlessly through their channels by the system we have proposed.

The idea of ventilating our drains by means of pipes running up the sides of the houses strikes us as barbarous in the extreme. Heretofore our upper rooms—our attics, in fact—are the only apartments where our children can obtain comparatively pure air. Imagine this air poisoned by a wholesale system of ventilation into it of the sewer gases! When the air is saturated with moisture, at sunrise for instance, a stratum of sewer gas would hang about our upper-floor windows, just as we see the vapour lying in sheets in the early morning above the meadows. Sewer refuse may be of infinite value to the production of flowers, but the human blossoms of our nurseries would not flourish in such an atmosphere.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

AMONG the many recreations in which the English public may revel during the long vacation, by no means the least

attractive are the socio-scientific *réunions* of the Association for the Advancement of Science. Between science made easy by day, and dinner-parties, *conversazioni*, and speeches in the evening, as agreeable a week may be spent, at least by *savans* and young ladies who aspire to their favours, as ordinary lovers of excitement could desire. The expositions of science are so simple that the most feminine mind can take them in, while all the social enjoyments—dancing excepted, as undignified in the scientific sense—are largely provided. The week's labours wind up with scientific picnics, the merriment and flirtation of which, the shackles of science being cast off, may fairly challenge all other modes of amusement to competition. The popularization of science alone, although, like Christmas, it comes but once a year, must be considered a great good done by this Association, which has justly won for itself the cognomen of "The Parliament of Science." In every city and town in which it has held its sessions it has left behind a band of fair disciples, by whose zeal not only admirers of the opposite sex, but even impenetrable brothers, have been stirred up to scientific emulation.

But if the officers of the British Association, like the *blandi doctores* on whom Horace bestows his praises, have displayed tact in winding-up with the *dulce* of science, it must be acknowledged that they have, with no less wisdom, given effect to these blandishments by the publication of those admirable addresses which their Presidents have from time to time delivered. The young life of the Association now fills a quarter of a century, and in that period thirty-four addresses have been delivered by the most distinguished scientific men the nineteenth century has produced. Such a galaxy of names only pales in brilliancy through the absence of such great lights of former generations as Galileo, Newton and Laplace, Lavoisier, Davy, and Priestly. The thirty-four addresses delivered by these thirty-four master minds, whose greatness generations yet unborn will only correctly measure, are a history of science for half a century in its most attractive form. It is not easy to measure accurately the effect in popularizing science which these addresses have had. They have been charmingly written, in a style calculated to attract both scientific and non-scientific readers; a variety has been secured by the selection of presidents distinguished in every department of scientific pursuit; and we know of no quarter where a more succinct and lucid exposition of scientific discovery for the last half century could be found.

The address of Dr. Phillips, Professor of Geology in the University of Oxford, and this year President of the Association, which was delivered on Wednesday in Birmingham, will scarcely be considered inferior, in all these popular qualities, to those which have preceded it. In the purest classic style, with the lightest touches, and most artistic skill, he has drawn a vivid picture of the present state of science, assigning to the great questions their due prominence, and treating the minor ones as their importance in each case demands. But the address of Dr. Phillips is invested with an interest beyond even what the scientific reputation of its author entitles it to. The Association of which he is now President is, in no slight degree, indebted to him for both its existence and its successful career. Thirty-five years ago Professor Phillips was one of the secretaries of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, and the proposal to found the British Association originated in a letter which was addressed to him in that capacity by Sir David (then Dr.) Brewster. The project was encouraged by Mr. Phillips and the York Society; the promoters of science throughout the kingdom were invited to a consultation in York; and, on the 27th of September, 1831, a first meeting was held in that city, and the plan of the proposed permanent association prepared. Mr. Phillips acted as secretary on the occasion, and on him devolved the *onus* of launching this now distinguished parliament of science into life. At the second meeting, in Oxford, in 1832, Mr. Phillips was chosen assistant general secretary; and in that capacity he has edited the volumes of Reports and Transactions since published in the name of the Association, and in every way has been identified with its progress and success. He has nursed it from the cradle to its present maturity; and justly may he now, with pride and exultation at the fruit of his labours, fill the office of President.

In the picture of the present state of science which he has drawn, there are some points of interest on which we may briefly dwell. It has been for some time back popularly known that there was an error in the estimate of the sun's distance from the earth. The only accurate mode available for the calculation of that distance depends on astronomical conjunctions—the transits of Venus—the intervals between which exceed eighty years. At the last opportunity of a transit, an error was made in the observations, which vitiated the results

of the calculations which were based on them; and, consequently, astronomical science has since been at fault in the exact measurement of the base line on which all its other calculations depend. Among the many false estimates of astronomical quantity this error led to, was the velocity of light. This velocity had been calculated from observations made on the satellites of Jupiter; but the error in the distance of the sun from the earth caused too large a radius to be assumed for Jupiter's orbit, and therefore led to too large an estimate of the velocity. It is interesting to learn how the error was discovered. While astronomers were waiting for another transit, Foucault hit on the idea of operating on light itself; and having, by an experimental proof within the space of thirty feet in his own apartment, ascertained its velocity, he furnished the datum by which the astronomical calculations might be reversed, and the sun's distance and Jupiter's radius corrected. What a striking illustration of the aid which one branch of science can bring to another! But a still more remarkable instance of the resources of modern science is what Dr. Phillips so beautifully and aptly describes as "the message from the very birthplace of light," informing us of the material composition of the sun and planets, of the countless stars that are set in the firmament, and even of those problematical clouds in the infinite abyss of space to which astronomers have given the name of "nebulae." The marvellous results of "spectral analysis"—the great discovery of Kirchhoff—could not be credited were not the fact patent in the simplest experiments. From these discoveries we learn that the light emitted by different substances exhibits distinct properties in the luminous spectra which are formed by the refraction of its rays, so that, when the properties are known, the substances may be ascertained with tolerable probability. The nebulae have been subjected to experiments of this kind, and the result has been a spectrum of three lines probably representing hydrogen, nitrogen, and some substance not known on this earth. The worlds of stars, buried in space, at distances enormous in comparison to that of our sun, have been tested by the same means, and we learn, as though we had been on their surface, that several substances common on this earth, such as sodium, magnesium, and iron, enter into their composition. In Jupiter and Saturn we discover the same components as in our own atmosphere, with some unknown gas, which, in the spectrum, is represented by a line in the red ray.

A subject, some expression of opinion on which might be expected from Dr. Phillips, is the *vetusta questio* of the antiquity of man, and the Darwinian theory of species. His own scientific reputation, and the chair of President which he filled, required that he should approach so difficult a matter with perfect impartiality. It is evident that he is not inclined to fall in with the speculations of Dr. Darwin; and it is remarkable that on this point the three distinguished professors of Geology of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin are agreed. His prudent advice is that we should neither be "hasty in adopting extreme opinions, nor too fearful of the final result." In such speculations "that which is true has often been found different from that which is plausible." "The flowers of safety" are often plucked from "the nettles of danger." From Sir Charles Lyell Dr. Phillips differs in many respects as to the antiquity of man. "Let us not," he observes as to this question, "expect or desire for it a very quick or, at present, a very definite settlement. The smooth flints used as axes and arrows, by primitive races of men do not necessarily prove a great antiquity, for in every country, among every race of men, such rude weapons and tools are used now, or were used formerly." Towards a right judgment on this question two other lines of evidence are worthy of notice. The anatomical remains of early men should be examined, and the laws of language investigated. The chief ground on which the great antiquity of man has been alleged is his supposed contemporaneous existence with the mammoth of the plain and the bear of the caverns. But this the President considers doubtful, for the fact of man's bones being buried with those of extinct quadrupeds does not prove that they "lived together." His cautious advice, therefore is, "that we first make sure of the facts," and chiefly this alleged one of the cave deposits.

But it is no cause of wonder that, on questions like these, scientific men should differ, even more than doctors. Geology is just the field in which disciples may say, "I am of Lyell, I am of Phillips, and I am of Darwin." It is a science scarcely yet settled in its foundations, and the old *odium theologicum* still looks with suspicion on its discoveries, be they real or imaginary. We need not, however, "be fearful of the final result," because scientific progress cannot be

arrested. These problems must, in due time, receive their solution through investigations carried on by the rules of a strict inductive method. The speculations of the day as to the origin of species and the antiquity of man, are yet but hypotheses which require verification by crucial experiments to exalt them to the dignity of theories.

THE "LONDON REVIEW" CHURCH COMMISSION.

No. XXIII.—THE DIOCESE OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL.—No. 2.

MR. MÜLLER AND THE ASHLEY DOWN ORPHANAGES.

MR. GEORGE MÜLLER is the founder of the "Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad," and the projector and manager of the new orphanages on Ashley Down, Bristol. How many of our readers have heard of Mr. Müller before? How many were aware of the existence of a "Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad"? What, they will ask, are the Orphanages at Ashley Down? And yet there are millions of fly-sheets circulated throughout the land which testify of Mr. Müller and his operations. They are read by a section of the religious public, which has its own organs and periodicals, its own esoteric faith, priests, and heroes, and which loves them the more that the people of the outward world know them not.

Talk of romances! here is a romance in bricks and mortar—a romance in flesh and blood, embodied in twelve hundred healthy, happy children! Here is an orphan establishment projected by a stranger and foreigner, founded under no aristocratic or influential private patronage, maintained without any of the usual charitable machinery, and extending its operations silently, yet almost miraculously. The Ashley Down Orphan Institution has no annual dinner in London or elsewhere—no royal duke in the chair—no brilliant list of stewards; it has no board of directors, no ladies' visiting committee, no canvassing for votes, no paid staff of secretaries and collectors at handsome salaries, no advertisements in the London or provincial newspapers with a proud array of donors or subscribers. Rich people subscribe of their abundance; but oftener the donors are persons in humble circumstances. Rich or poor receive the same impartial treatment at the hands of Mr. Müller. In no one instance will he give the names of the subscribers. He will hold out no inducement to those who give out of ostentation and love publicity. "I feel grateful for every donation, even the smallest," he says; "but if tens of thousands of pounds could be obtained by holding out such an inducement, God continuing to help me as he has done hitherto in this matter, it would not be held out." The donors have so much confidence in Mr. Müller's determination, and are so little desirous of any other applause than that of a good conscience, that one of his greatest troubles is that a large proportion of persons send their donations anonymously, and thus put it out of his power to acknowledge the receipt, and send them a report. Thus he cites approvingly the course pursued by "a kind anonymous donor in London or the neighbourhood, who has sent me hundreds of pounds within the last five or six years under the initials 'H. B.'" This donor, whose name Mr. Müller does not know, each time enables him to send the receipt and reports to a certain house of business.

It seems a perilous thing, according to merely human and mundane notions, to collect twelve hundred orphans together in a distant part of the country, with no assured income for their support, no funded property, no revenue from landed estates, no "rest," or reserve to fall back upon. Yet Mr. Müller's Christian friends at home and abroad feel all the more strongly moved to contribute to the maintenance of these poor children. A bootmaker sends 1d. per pair on all the boots and shoes he sells during the year. An aged widow sends £2. 16s. 6d. raised in the same way. A farmer sends 1d. out of every 1s. received by the sale of eggs; a ½d. for every pound of butter; and 3d. for every couple of chickens. Bakers and flour-dealers send 1d. per sack of flour they bake or sell. A tradesman, hearing that there are 990 orphans waiting for admission, lays by 1d. on every article sold in his outfitting department. He had intended waiting till the year was out and until he had taken stock; but the thought of these 990 orphans haunts him, and he cannot rest until he has sent them 14s. 6d. on account. A poor man "gives a little tree in his garden to the Lord," and sends the proceeds—2s. 6d.—to the orphans. Another sells a

few onions, and remits the 2s. 6d. One person, keeping a little shop, sends Mr. Müller all the silver coins he takes which have a hole bored through them! From Omagh, Ireland, comes 1s. 5d. as "a month's produce of the orphans' hen." A working man and his wife, in Scotland, send £1. 10s. 6d., the proceeds of a beehive, bought and set apart for the benefit of the orphans. A London dentist determines to appropriate the sale of his tooth-powder to the orphans, and remits £3. 10s.; and from another quarter come *seven copies of the Record*.

Ladies send their gold chains, rings, necklaces, bracelets, brooches to be sold, and the proceeds applied towards the institution. From Clevedon, 12 silver forks and 12 silver desert spoons came to hand. A farmer in Oxfordshire, instead of insuring 310 acres against hail, at 6d. an acre, sends the money—£7. 15s.—to the orphans. A baronet sends £7, saved in the same way, and £20 besides. A gentleman sends £3, instead of paying the amount to an Accidental Death Insurance Company. From Radstock comes 18s., from Hull £1. 5s. 6d., and from Dublin £2. 7s. 6d., "instead of assuring furniture." A shipowner, instead of assuring his vessels, sends the money thus saved—"£150 for Missions, £50 for School, Bible, and Tract Fund, £5 for Mr. C. (name not given), and £5 for myself (Mr. Müller)." Another shipowner sends upwards of £300, with a similar letter. A tradesman in Monmouthshire sends 10s., "instead of otherwise insuring my plate-glass windows." A poor man lays by 6d. a week, instead of paying it to a sick fund, and sends £1 anonymously when his savings have reached that amount. "A thank-offering to God for the gift of a first child" brings £10. The "loving parents of a little girl on her first birthday" send £5. T. H. T. sends £1 as a "thank-offering to God for having passed a successful examination for M.R.C.S." There are thank-offerings for a bountiful harvest, for recovery from illness, for comforts in affliction, for reaching a 90th birthday, and (from a young lady) for escaping being marked by the small-pox. Some of these thank-offerings point to little domestic tragedies of bereavement. One is "for light at evening time to a loved one, who entered her rest on the 13th October, 1864." Another, from Arbroath, is "a thank-offering to the Lord for his goodness to an only child during her life and in her death." It is added that the bereaved parents purpose, as they are now childless, to keep a purse for the orphans. Sometimes articles are sent which it must cost the sender a pang to part with. The widow of an officer who fell in the Crimean war, sends a half-sovereign. This coin was found in his purse when he was killed. It was restored by faithful hands to his widow, and was treasured up by her. Yet she sends it to Mr. Müller, believing that it would be better spent for the Lord's work.

The articles of jewellery and trinkets sent are now and then so numerous that they at first suggest some remorseful razzia upon a jeweller's shop. As such an explanation is inadmissible, it would seem that the ladies of a family sometimes make a clean sweep of all their *bijouterie* for the orphans:—

"March 17. Anonymously, to be acknowledged in the Report as received with the words, 'Tell Jesus,' a gold necklace, a topaz bracelet, a mosaic bracelet, a gold-stone bracelet, a hair ditto, a tortoise-shell ditto, a bogwood ditto, a gold brooch, a set of silver ornaments (containing 2 brooches, a pair of earrings, and 2 Indian silver brooches), a bogwood brooch, a gold-stone brooch, an Indian ditto with emeralds, a gold picture brooch, an amethyst brooch, a carbuncle drop, 2 pairs of pearl earrings, a pair of gold-stone ditto, a pair of turquoise and brilliants ditto, a pair of hair ditto, a pair of old Indian earrings with turquoises, an enamelled locket, a gold locket, 3 hair rings, a pearl ring, a heart-shaped stone ditto, a topaz ditto, a turquoise ditto, a diamond and emerald ditto, a mourning ditto set with small diamonds, a brooch with pendant, an enamelled brooch, a small gold chain, and 3 other little articles."

What can have been the history of this *omnium gatherum*?—

"April 7. From Z. Z. a box, containing a brooch set with 27 small brilliants, a gold watchhook set with 22 small brilliants, 2 other watchhooks, a small gold cross set with 11 rubies, 5 gold mourning rings, 15 other gold rings, 3 gold watch rings, 5 gold seals, 3 other seals, 9 gold lockets, 7 gold brooches, 9 other brooches, a gold chain, a pair of bracelets gold mounted, 45 silver coins, 3 copper coins, 5 medals, 2 silver pencil cases, a gold watch, a metal watch, 2 gold breast pins, a pair of gold clasps, another set with pearls, 3 shawl pins, 3 waist buckles, 2 pairs of spectacles, a silver fruit knife, a hair necklace gold mounted, an amber necklace, an eye glass, an ivory toothpick box, 3 other little boxes, a miniature knife, 2 pairs of links, 8 tassel rings, 2 bead bracelets, 2 horsehair chains, a bead necklace, a pair of steel clasps, a paper knife with 2 penknives, a muff, 2 scarves, a pair of cuffs, a pair of Esquimaux boots, a pair of candlestick ornaments, 2 picture frames, 2 pebbles, 3 mineral specimens, 2 little boxes, a foreign case, a mother-of-pearl paper knife, a Chinese fan, 3 other fans, a pair of Chinese shoes, some muslin trimming, an Indian bag, a scent box and bottles, 2 small miniatures, a spectacle case, a set of boxes, 4 brass wedges, a box with seals, a box of pens and holder, a shawl, some blonde, 2 lace veils, and a quantity of black and white lace."

Here is another contribution of jewellery, which is satisfactorily accounted for. It is sent from Torquay by a Christian gentleman, advanced in years, who wrote that these trinkets had been accumulating in his family for several generations:—

"Twenty-four gold rings, four of them set with diamonds, 18 brooches, 1 ornament for the neck, 1 pair of clasps for the waist, 3 buckles, 1 signet seal, with Hebrew motto, 1 seal with crest, not set, 5 studs, 1 small locket, 2 smelling bottles, 2 silver fruit knives and another knife, 1 silver scent case, 2 hair bracelets, 13 breast pins, 1 ivory box with hair in lid, 1 ivory brooch, 3 carved ivory boxes, and 1 silver pencil case."

A few more examples:—

"Aug. 4. From Hastings, 3 dozen silver thimbles, 57 cornelian studs, 15 silver coins, 27 copper and brass coins, and 17 silver pencil cases."

"Aug. 5. Anonymously, a set of artificial teeth set in gold, a gold ring, a brooch, a cross gold-mounted, a pair of jet bracelets, 3 mourning necklaces, a cornelian necklace, a pair of jet earrings, a hair ring, a copper coin, a waist-buckle, and some mock pearls."

"Aug. 11. Anonymously, in a registered letter, 9 gold rings, a silver purse, 2 bracelets, a necklace, a waist-buckle, a breast pin, a seal, and 2 brooches, with a post-office order for £3. 3s."

"March 2. The following articles were sent from Scotland, and taken for missions:—6 silver dessert forks, 6 silver tea spoons, 8 silver egg spoons, 7 silver salt spoons, 7 gold seals, 1 seal with stone, not gold, 1 gold watch chain, 3 gold finger rings, 1 watch ring, 2 watch keys, 1 breast pin, 1 case with shirt studs, 1 spring yard measure, 1 polished stone, 1 glass syringe in case, and 1 gold locket."

"March 4. Anonymously by post, in a registered letter, a gold chain, a gold bracelet, a gold ring, a gold thimble, a gold brooch, 3 gold studs, a silver clasp, and a silver brooch."

"Oct. 4. Anonymously left at the lodge of the new orphan house (No. 1), 2 rings, 1 pencil case, 1 lava bracelet, 3 brooches, 1 scarf pin, and a 6d. The paper enclosing the above contained the date, 'Madras, 7th April, 1862.'"

An Indian officer sends a gold chain, an aged woman in Cumberland a gold watch and gold key. There are gifts of so many sets and pieces of artificial teeth set in gold to justify the conclusion that the dentists do not make a fair allowance for an old set when they make a new one. Everything is acceptable except the contribution of "W. H.," who sent 7d. in coin (a fourpenny and threepenny piece) without registering the letter, "which cost 8d. postage." The total amount which has come in during the past year by sale of articles is £912. 17s. 6½d., "a considerable portion of which is for gold and silver articles and diamonds." The total sum which has come in by sale of articles since Mr. Müller began his labours very nearly touches £10,000.

While the poor give of their poverty, many rich men give no less liberally of their abundance. Mr. Müller, a year or two ago, determined, if possible, to build two new orphan houses on Ashley Down, so as to accommodate 2,000 orphans instead of 1,150. A Warwickshire gentleman, who had for nineteen months sent him month by month £28. 8s. for the printing of tracts, and £28. 8s. for the support of 31 orphans for one month, now increased his donations by sending £100 additional every month. For twenty months did this liberal benefactor contribute at the rate of £1,900 a year towards the above objects. Altogether he must have sent Mr. Müller about £5,000. "T. H., Esq.," desiring to spend the property of his departed sister, Miss C. H., as she would approve of if still living, sends £1,000 to the Building Fund. In August, 1864, donations begin to come in from "A Servant of the Lord Jesus, who, constrained by the love of Christ, seeks to lay up treasure in Heaven." The first amount is £50 for the orphans, &c. In October he (or she) sends £40 for the Building Fund and £40 for the orphans, &c. In November this donor remits £60; in December, £80; January, 1865, £80. In February this good steward receives a present of £150, and straightway sends Mr. Müller £148. In March the donor receives a second present of £150, and again remits £148. In April Mr. Müller receives £80 from the same source, and in May £70. In August, 1864, he receives £800 as part of the legacy of the late Mr. T. D. In May, 1865, he receives from A. B. C. £1,000, with this memorandum:—"I wish to send some aid, and would thank you to place the enclosed sum, £1,000, at interest, and draw out of it every January £100 for the orphans, and £20 for yourself, till it be gone." Last November Mr. Müller received "£5,000 for the Building Fund, from a donor who desires neither his name nor place where he resides to be known." This is not the largest sum Mr. Müller has received at once; for in a previous year a donation of £8,100 reached him! The total income for the Building Fund alone was during the year ending May, 1865, £11,033; so that, with a sum in hand of £19,321 in May, 1864, there was virtually a balance of £30,000 available for the intended New Orphan Houses. The land necessary for the site has been obtained at

a cost of £5,500, and certain other sums have been expended; so that, on May 26, 1865, the amount actually in hand available for the new buildings was £24,635.

The story of these contributions is exceedingly interesting. They show—

1. The inexhaustible well-springs of benevolence which exist in this Christian land.

If so much can be done in bye and untrodden paths, may we not conclude that, by well-ordered Christian benevolence, every destitute orphan boy and girl in the United Kingdom might be rescued from the paths of vice and crime, and brought up in honour and usefulness?

2. The love, faith, and confidence which a single-minded and devoted Christian minister has been able to inspire among thousands of persons in all parts of the world, to whom he is personally unknown. Poor and rich freely part with their substance, and lay it at the feet of a German missionary, to expend in his own way, with no checks or safeguards save those which he may voluntarily impose upon himself and his own administrators.

This man, whose existence is probably unknown to nine-tenths of our readers, appears to us to be one of the most remarkable men of his time.

Mr. Müller is by birth a German. His autobiography has been published, under the title of "A Narrative of some of the Lord's Dealings with George Müller," by Nisbet, London. It contains a minute account from the commencement of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution and also of the Orphan Establishment. We cannot at present pause to dwell upon his life before his conversion to religion, the circumstances under which he was converted, the reason of his coming to England, and his "account of the Lord's dealings with him since he has been in England." It will be sufficient to say that he was educated for the ministry in his native country, and that he left Germany to hold an appointment as missionary under the London Society for promoting Christianity amongst the Jews. Some slight religious differences led him to break off his connection with the Society, but he has always exerted himself energetically for the conversion of the Hebrew people.

The Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad was founded by him March 5, 1834. One year and nine months later, the Orphan work was added to the other objects of the Institution. His aim and desire were, primarily, the glory of God, in showing how much PRAYER and FAITH can do. He judged that nothing was so much needed by the Church at large as an increase of faith, and it was his especial object to show how much could be accomplished through the instrumentality of prayer and faith. He had, indeed, deeply at heart the bodily, mental, and spiritual benefit of poor children, bereaved of both parents; and well has he earned the proud title of "The Orphan's Friend." At first his faith was sorely tried. In 1830 he gave up his regular salary in connection with the ministry. During the last thirty-five years he has been without any certain or regular income. For the first five years without intermission he had "sharp trials of faith." Yet he remained true to his determination to give no hints of his need in the hour of trial. Neither directly nor indirectly would he ask his fellow believers for supplies. He peacefully looked for help from on high alone, and when his faith had been duly strengthened and exercised, "my Heavenly Father put it into the hearts of his dear children to remember my temporal necessities, and to send me supplies in money, clothes, provisions," &c. Many of the donors who send sums for the orphans add smaller sums for Mr. Müller. These spontaneous gifts appear to constitute the whole of Mr. Müller's income.

The growth of the institution was at first slow. The second report (1837) gives the total income at £617. The eighth report shows that it had increased to £3,588. In 1856, the annual income had risen to £14,588. And now the twenty-sixth report gives the income for the year 1864-5 as £30,039. The donations come not only from various parts of the United Kingdom, but from almost all parts of the world. "They chiefly come from individuals unknown to me personally, and in many instances even anonymously." Altogether, the sums poured in upon him for his acceptance for the work to which he has devoted himself amount to some THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS!

We now proceed to give some account of the orphanages at Ashley Down. There are at present three orphan-houses, containing 1,200 orphans. The great majority are girls; in fact, if we remember correctly, there are only eighty boys in the three establishments. In the arrangement of the school buildings Mr. Müller has shown great judgment and sound

sense. They are plainly and solidly built, not a shilling having been thrown away on useless decoration.

The corridors, sleeping-rooms, school-rooms, and play-rooms are all spacious, lofty, admirably ventilated, and beautifully clean. The children appear healthy and well cared-for; indeed we were informed by the lady-superintendent, who conducted us over one of the schools (the largest) that the sick list hardly ever exceeded one per cent. This proportion, considering the feeble constitutions of many of the children, owing either to former privations or congenital disease, was remarkably small. We examined carefully the food supplied to the institution, and it was all excellent. The children are evidently abundantly fed. We visited the pupils in their class-rooms. The curriculum of their education seems admirably designed—physically, morally, and religiously—to make them excellent domestic servants. Their writing is extremely good, and their needlework worthy of all praise. We regret we cannot say as much for their singing. We heard them sing several simple hymns, but cannot speak in commendation either of the time or tune. Music has for the young such moral and religious power to purify, soothe, and strengthen, that we would fain ask Mr. Müller to send for one or two of the teachers of the tonic sol-fa method from Bristol, in order that the children may be thoroughly grounded in this cheap and efficient system.

We afterwards saw them perform some marching evolutions, singing at the same time. We fancied we saw, however, on the faces of the elder girls a sort of dislike to this exhibition, as against the dignity of budding womanhood. It was pleasanter on passing one of the other buildings which was not that day shown to visitors, to hear the merry ringing laugh of children at play, clearly and satisfactorily showing that the children at the orphanages are not always on their best behaviour, but are as merry and as happy as the donors would have them to be.

Mr. Müller's doctrine of particular providences, and the instances by which he supports it, are somewhat startling to modern ears, yet they obviously find favour and acceptance with the subscribers to the orphanages. We have still to speak of the Bible, Missionary, and Tract Funds of the institution. Enough has, however, been said, we trust, to interest our readers in Mr. Müller's charitable undertakings, and to excite the desire to hear something more on a future occasion of the wonderful devotion, energy, and perseverance of this good and remarkable man.

OUR attention has been called to a paragraph which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* about a fortnight since, in which the writer, in terms unnecessarily impertinent, finds fault with a remark we lately made relative to the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Exeter over the deanery of St. Burian's, in Cornwall. He states that Burian is a royal deanery, and has been a peculiar since the days of Athelstan; and that the bishop had about as much legal control over the Hon. and Rev. F. Stanhope as he has over the Patriarch of Constantinople.

This we deny. Not only as holding the livings of St. Servan's and St. Louans did Mr. Stanhope come under the jurisdiction of the bishop, but even as Dean of St. Burian's he was not exempt. In the second section of the Church Discipline Act (3 & 4 Vict., cap. 86) there is a definition of terms which explains "that the word prebend shall be construed to comprehend a deanery, archdeanery, &c., and all benefices therein with a cure of souls . . . and every office or place which requires the discharge of any spiritual duty, and whether the same be or be not within any exempt or peculiar jurisdiction."

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

MR. G. B. ALLEN's little opera, "Castle Grim," produced at the opening of the New Royalty Theatre last Saturday, scarcely fulfils its title of "comic,"—the music being generally of too serious a cast for the unreality of the assumed gloom of the piece. The sham misanthropy of the young hero, who fancies that metaphysics and misery are synonymous; and who surrounds himself, in his capricious retirement from the world, with a group of retainers named in a fashion to accord with this despondent tendency; called for a lighter tone and treatment than Mr. Allen has impressed on his music. This may, perhaps, be partly owing to the composer's bias towards the style of the glee and the anthem; forms which scarcely pre-dispose to that lightness of touch required in a stage work of the character referred to. The literary portion of the piece, by Mr. R. Reece, is constructed and written with a neatness not often found in English works of the kind.

The notion of a young, handsome, and wealthy man, retiring from society in a fit of capricious spleen, surrounding himself with all sorts of depressing accessories, choosing his servants for their gloomy names (in some instances self-imposed with a

view to their service) although perhaps not altogether new, affords some good opportunities for the strong contrast of a comic under-current. Thus the part of the steward, David Death, whose real name, carefully concealed, is Grinsby, and whose life is a constant struggle between a natural tendency to hilarity and the necessity for a forced appearance of misery, affords good scope for the quaint acting of Mr. George Honey, whose fluctuations between the opposite moods are very amusing. Of course, the young misanthrope is cured, the change being effected by his handsome ward, Flora Skipley, who speedily converts her splenetic guardian into a sympathetic and genial lover and husband. The music, without possessing much originality, is smoothly written, with one or two instances of a liveliness of style which it were to be wished had been more prevalent. There are passages in the *finale* to the first act, and in the *ensemble* of the second act, which indicate considerable feeling for dramatic animation. The ballad, too, sung by Flora, "The rose said to the lily," is graceful and expressive. The opera was extremely well given—Miss Susan Galton, as Flora Skipley, appearing to great advantage in a small theatre, for which her voice and style are far better suited than for larger localities. Mr. Elliot Galer sang smoothly and expressively as the misanthropic Charles Ravenswood; and Miss Fanny Reeves was thoroughly satisfactory as Mrs. Tombs, the housekeeper; Mr. Honey, as already said, being especially quaint and amusing as the steward, with the grim name but mirthful nature. The music of the opera is published by Messrs. Metzler.

The proceedings at the Gloucester Musical Festival, which commenced on Tuesday, call for no more than passing mention; the four days' programmes consisting of well-known works and hackneyed selections. The oratorios of "St. Paul," "The Last Judgment," "Elijah," and the "Messiah," "Mozart's Requiem," portions of the "Lobgesang" and "Mount of Olives," with the pieces selected for the evening concerts, are too familiar to attach any special interest to the occasion. Notwithstanding the efficiency of Mdle. Tietjens, Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Santley, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Dr. Gunz, the principal vocalists, a void was felt in the absence of Mr. Sims Reeves, whose presence is indispensable in oratorio performances.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

THE Adelphi Theatre, thoroughly cleaned and partially redecorated, reopened on Monday night with a new piece and a new American actor. The new actor, Mr. Joseph Jefferson, is probably the best theatrical importation we have yet had from America, and the new drama is a very cleverly constructed play in three acts, by Mr. Dion Boucicault, written round the main idea of Washington Irving's story of "Rip Van Winkle." This is not the first time that the story of the bewildered Dutchman who went to sleep for twenty years and awoke to find everything changed, has been put upon the stage. Mr. Bayle Bernard is the author of a drama on the same subject, written more than thirty years ago for Mr. Hackett; the late Mr. Yates had an Adelphi version with a tragic ending; and a piece of earlier English origin, but of vile construction and writing, has been popular for many years in America. This version, lengthened and improved by Mr. Jefferson, has been played by the actor with great success, both in America and Australia; but he was wise to take warning by "Solon Shingle," and to get as good a drama, embodying his favourite "points" and "business," as the most skilful of modern dramatists could write for him. The American literary dramatic standard is unquestionably lower than the English standard, and we can hardly believe that the old version of "Rip Van Winkle" which we have read, would have been tolerated even at the Adelphi.

Mr. Boucicault has executed his part of the work with more than his usual tact and dramatic instinct, and has succeeded in preserving the poetry of the original story. A few lines by Washington Irving are expanded into half a dozen scenes—all effective, and some full of grace and genuine pathos. All that relates to Rip and his children is written with great delicacy, and Rip's shrewish wife is softened and improved by the dramatist. The sentiment of the play is healthy and pleasant—as agreeable as the sentiment of "Arrah-na-Pogue."

Mr. Jefferson's embodiment of Rip Van Winkle is well conceived and well sustained. The pathos of the part is, perhaps, the most telling; but the acting throughout is easy, natural, and full of artistic beauties. The roysterer of the first two acts is well contrasted with the bewildered old man of the last act. Mr. Jefferson has a most expressive face, and a large reserve of force, which he can use when required. His part has been written in the Dutch-English dialect, which he speaks very perfectly; but it is odd to find all the other characters speaking stage English. Mrs. Billington distinguished herself as Rip's wife, playing powerfully and effectively. Mr. Phillips was useful, like several other actors and actresses, in a small part; and the two children were most prettily and intelligently represented by Miss and Master Couran. The piece has been fairly put upon the stage, and its success was distinct and decided.

Mr. Montgomery will close his season to-night (Saturday), without Mr. Tupper's play of "Alfred," for the due preparation of which, it appears, the manager has not left himself time enough. This play was produced by Mr. Montgomery in Manchester.

Burford's panorama-building, in Leicester-square, is not to be a theatre. It has been purchased for a nunnery.

The engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault at the Princess's will terminate at the close of this month; and, on the withdrawal of "Arrah-na-Pogue," Mr. Charles Reade's play of "Never too Late to Mend," will be produced, under the direction of the author. Mr. G. Mead has been engaged to play the part of the Jew, and Mr. Calhaem to play the part of the Australian aborigine. Mrs. Boucicault has decided not to go to America at present.

THE ART JOURNAL FOR SEPTEMBER.—The three steel plates this month are, "The Death of Columbus," engraved by D. Desvachez from the picture by Baron Wappers—a striking subject well rendered; "A Passing Cloud," engraved by R. Wallis, from the picture by J. C. Hook, R.A.—pretty and pleasant; and "Pevensey Bay, from Crowhurst Park," rather stiffly engraved by Mr. W. B. Cooke from the original by Turner. Karl Friedrich Lessing is the modern German painter whose works are engraved on wood in the present number; Mrs. Opie gives occasion for a pleasant paper by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, with illustrations; and the various serial articles are continued.

SCIENCE.

MUCH as has been written upon the subject of tobacco and its composition, there is still considerable doubt as to the relative chemical composition of the fresh and prepared leaves. Hitherto it has been believed that the essential principle—nicotine—is developed in tobacco during the fermenting process to which the leaves are subjected; but it would appear from some recent researches that the narcotic and stimulant ingredients exist in the green plant. Mr. Ferdinand F. Mayer, of New York, who has completed a number of experiments on this subject, has arrived at the following conclusions:—1st. That nicotine is the active principle in all parts of the tobacco-plant, both before and after "curing"; 2nd. That there is in all probability no increase, but rather a loss, of nicotine during the drying and "curing," partly or wholly caused by volatilization; and 3rd. That the plant and its parts contain no trymethilene nor ammonia while in the fresh state.

The report which M. Dumas has made to the Imperial Commission on the size and plan of the Great French International Exhibition states that at least 30,000 exhibitors may be expected to contribute, and space must be found for that number. The names of the French jurors in the division of Agricultural products and manufactures have also been published, showing us that almost every chemist of note in Paris is upon the lists.

We learn from a contemporary that Dr. Caminiti, of Messina, has discovered a remedy for certain neuralgic pains. A female patient of his had long been suffering from trifacial neuralgia; she could not bear to look at luminous objects, her eyes were constantly watering, and she was in constant pain. Blisters, preparations of belladonna, and hydrochlorate of morphine, friction with tincture of aconite, pills of acetate of morphine and camphor, subcarbonate of iron, &c., had been employed with but partial success, or none whatever. At length Dr. Caminiti, attributing the obstinacy of the affection to the variations of temperature so frequent in Sicily, adopted the expedient of covering all the painful parts with a coating of collodion containing a certain proportion of hydrochlorate of morphine. This treatment was perfectly successful; the relief was instantaneous and permanent, and the coating fell off in the course of one or two days.

At a meeting of the Royal Institution, Mr. Ladd exhibited in the library a powerful thermo-electric battery, made in the manner invented by Marcus, of Vienna. Although the instrument consisted of only ten pairs, and the means of heating it by a row of gas jets had been hastily devised, yet on making and breaking the circuit a spark was readily obtained. The current from this thermo-battery sent round an electro-magnet, and lifted a very considerable weight.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.

THE following are among the more important questions discussed at the International Social Science Congress at Berne, last week:—

Legislation.—The autonomy of communes, how far is it compatible with the unbroken unity of a Republic? How can public affairs be best managed in a country where more than one language is in ordinary use? How far can coalitions of masters or workmen be recognised by the law and deprived of their dangerous elements?

Instruction et Education.—How far should the State supervise the exercise of the liberal professions? Is the teaching of morality in schools to be separated from instruction in positive religions?

Art et Littérature.—Are the plastic arts, architecture, sculpture, and painting, now in comparative decay; and if so, why? How may art, especially the drama, be extended in its action upon civilization? What are the means employed among various nations for increasing the weight given to art under all its forms in public education?

Bienfaisance et Hygiène.—How may the exigencies of justice and humanity be best met in the treatment of convict prisoners? (introduced by Mr. Murray, director of convict prisons in Dublin).

—What part should be assigned to athletic training in elementary schools? What parts of Europe are best calculated for the prevention or cure of consumption? Is it right, from a physical and moral point of view, to leave the manufacture of spirituous liquors free? and would good result from absolute prohibition?

Economie Politique.—Should the State monopolise the construction of public works, such as railways, canals, telegraphs, &c.? and, if so, should the profits be applied to general purposes of State, or expended upon the improvement of the departments whence they arise? Should the State interfere in the construction of the houses of the labouring classes? Is the construction of a railway across the Alps, between the Brenner and the Cenis, necessary from a European point of view?

The reunion of the members of the Society, each having the power of bringing one lady, on the terrace of Schänzli on Monday night, is described as having been a very brilliant affair. A bevy of young Bernese ladies, dressed in the costumes of the twenty-two cantons, distributed fruits and flowers, and the guests lingered among the variegated lamps till a late hour of the night.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE quotation of gold at Paris is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ per mille premium, and the short exchange on London is 25.22½ per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10½d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is nearly two-tenths per cent. dearer in London than in Paris.

By advices from Hamburg the price of gold is 428 per mark, and the short exchange on London is 13.7½ per £1 sterling. Standard gold at the English Mint price is, therefore, nearly two-tenths per cent. dearer in London than in Hamburg.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at 60 days' sight is 109½ per cent. At this rate there is no profit on the importation of gold from the United States.

In the foreign market there continues to be a fair amount of business, notwithstanding a general want of animation, whilst speculation is almost entirely at a standstill. Greek were rather flatter at 20½ 1½. Turkish Consolidated were maintained at 48½ ½, the other Turkish stocks being also firm. Mexican were firm at 24½ ½, and the Anglo-French 6 per Cent. Loan was dealt in at 50. Spanish Passives and Certificates were quiet. Egyptian and Italian were both in good demand. Russian, Portuguese, and Brazilian were without alteration. American stocks were generally steady, but the Confederate Loan was again heavy.

Bank-shares remain generally firm, with an upward tendency. Bank of London, City Bank, European, Bank of Hindustan, London Bank of Mexico and South America, Metropolitan and Provincial, South Australian, and Standard Bank of Africa new shares were all quoted better. Albion Bank, English Joint Stock Bank, and Imperial Ottoman Bank were flat. The shares of the Imperial Bank have improved to 8½ to 9½ prem. London and County Bank shares were last quoted 77½ to 78, and London Joint Stock Bank, 48½ to 49½.

Business in the miscellaneous market exhibited rather less activity, and quotations in a few instances were a shade flatter. Humber Iron Works declined 1, 16, 14 dis.; Joint-Stock Discount ½, to ½, ½ dis.; Millwall Ironworks ½, to ½, ½ prem.; and Overend, Gurney, & Co. ½, to 3½, ½ prem. On the other hand, General Credit improved ½, to 2, 2½ prem.; Imperial Mercantile Credit ½, to 1½, 2½ prem.; International Financial ½, to 1½, ½ prem.; and Royal Mail Steam 1, to 120, 123. Atlantic Telegraph Preference Shares closed steadily at 2½, ½ per share; and Metropolitan Sewage at 11½, 12 prem. Peruvian railways were quoted 9½, 10½ prem.

The holders of Scrip Certificates, £10 paid up, of the Metropolitan District Railway are requested to send in the same to the registrar, Mr. F. C. G. Ritso, 27, Austinfriars, six clear days before the 13th September, in order that they may be examined and identified before the half-yearly interest due thereon can be paid.

The biddings for bills on India took place on Wednesday at the Bank of England. The proportions allotted were—to Calcutta, £134,600; to Madras, £9,000; and to Bombay, £100,000. The minimum price was, as before, 1s. 10½d. on Calcutta and Madras, and 1s. 10½d. on Bombay. Tenders on Calcutta and Madras at 1s. 11½d. will receive in full, and on Bombay at 1s. 11½d. about 72 per cent.; above these prices in full. These terms show a slight increase in the demand for means of remittance to the East.

The committee of the Stock Exchange appointed special settlements in the London and Brazilian Bank (Limited); New £20 shares, for Friday, 8th Sept.; and the Ceylon Company A shares, for Thursday, 14th—both to be marked.

The Bank of Prussia has raised the rate of discount to 5 per cent.

The New Stock Exchange Association (Limited) is the title of a circular just issued, which proposes to inaugurate a movement for starting a new Stock Exchange. The principal ground of opposition to the existing Stock Exchange is the "capricious and uncertain administration of rules effecting fresh joint-stock establishments."

The accounts from Paris state the supply of money to be abundant, the rate in the open market being only 2½ to 3 per cent. At Amsterdam and Frankfurt also 3 per cent. is the charge. At Brussels it is 3½ to 4, and at Hamburg 4 to 4½.

The London agents for the colonies invite tenders for £100,000 6 per Cent. Ceylon Debentures, being the second portion of £1,000,000 authorized by the Government for public improvements. The amount now required is to be applied to the construction of a railway from Colombo to Kandy. Tenders must be sent in prior to one o'clock on the 14th.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE WARRIORS OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.*

"It has long been my settled persuasion," says Sir E. Cust, in his preface to the present work, "that, at a period when active duty cannot be experienced by the war-professions, the injunction of our great Duke to young officers, 'that they should go and see service in the field,' is best obeyed by a study of the past; and that the histories of wars and warriors are the best and only available substitute for active military service in the field." Upon that persuasion, Sir Edward has acted to the great profit and advantage, not only of his military brethren, but of the reading public at large. His "Annals of the Wars" were distinguished by some of the best qualities of the class of compositions to which they belong; and it is about the best compliment we can pay to the work before us, to say that it is equally meritorious. The author has not the fire, the picturesqueness, or the brilliancy of a Napier. As he writes primarily for the soldier, who "has neither the means of carrying libraries about with him, nor possesses convenient arrangements for study of any kind," he is compelled to study compression, and is obliged to deny himself any indulgence in those elaborate criticisms which form so striking a picture in the history of the Peninsular war. But within the limits he has prescribed to himself he does his work admirably. He narrates clearly and concisely; he comments with brevity, but with admirable point and common-sense upon the principal actions he describes; he indicates with great discrimination the leading merits or defects of the various commanders who come under his notice; and he relieves the dryness of a mere detail of battles and sieges by the introduction of anecdotes and incidents which throw light upon the characters of the great commanders who pass in review before him. It should also be added that he manifests a thoroughly independent judgment in his estimate of the relative merits of distinguished generals. He does not allow himself to be imposed upon by a great name, or led astray by a happy run of good fortune. With a steady hand he weighs every man against his achievements, and, whatever may be the reputation thus tested, he does not shrink from pronouncing a candid opinion on the result. Industry and impartiality are everywhere conspicuous in his pages; and although, perhaps, we might have a more seductive, we could hardly have a more reliable, guide to those events in military history of which he treats.

Sir E. Cust is of opinion that very little instruction is to be gained from the archaeology of soldiering. The campaigns of Belisarius, Hannibal, and Caesar are fraught with interest; but they were conducted under conditions so different from those with which the soldier of the nineteenth century is confronted, that they shed little light on the problems with which he has to deal. Nor is the warfare of the middle ages more interesting from a practical point of view. It abounded in brilliant acts of courage, in dashing strokes of enterprise, and was ever fertile in ingenious expedients and audacious stratagems. But it was desultory and confused—it was a succession of mere fights, rather than of military operations. The campaigns were short, because the feudal militia was only bound to a very limited service; and for that reason it was impossible to conduct them on any but the simplest principles. Far-sighted schemes and elaborate combinations were out of the question when a general knew that before they could be executed his army would have melted away. War, therefore, could not become a science until standing armies had been established, and commanders could frame their schemes with a tolerable assurance that they would have the troops with which to carry them out. The Spaniards are, beyond all doubt, entitled to the credit of first forming a system of tactics suitable for standing armies. Up to the close of the sixteenth century, they were the great teachers and masters of Europe in the military art. But their tactics were slow, complicated, and pedantic; and they are altogether out of date at present. They represented, as it were, a sort of "middle age" in military history; modern warfare, properly so called, dating from the Thirty Years' War in the seventeenth century. The French, as usual, claim the credit of the new and improved system; but Sir E. Cust will not admit these pretensions, and indeed he shows, in the clearest manner, that they are quite unfounded. The natives of the hardy North, by their extraordinary powers of personal endurance, energy, and activity, supplemented the pompous and cumbersome tactics of the Spaniard, who, up to the close of the previous century, had been regarded as the warrior of Europe. Maurice of Nassau, Spinola, Mansfeld, Gustavus Adolphus, and Torstenson, first introduced regular discipline, order, and simplicity into the movements of armies, and first set fatigue and climate at naught. Doubtless, in the later period of the same century, the French improved the sciences of fortification, artillery, and strategy; but perhaps the greater amendments in arms and dress were as much the work of one nation as of another.

Considering the interest which attaches to the Thirty Years' War as an era in military history—and as one, moreover, illustrated by a larger number of great generals than have figured in any other war, either before or since—it is somewhat surprising that it has not hitherto formed the subject of a great and comprehensive work. That of Schiller is little more than a sketch; and those of

other writers treat only of isolated portions of the great struggle, or of the lives and achievements of some particular leader. The book before us will, to a certain extent, supply the vacuum; but, notwithstanding its great merits, we cannot help regretting the form in which Sir E. Cust has chosen to cast it. We wish he had written a connected history of the whole war, rather than a series of biographies, however exhaustive, of the principal commanders. It is clear that the latter plan must, as in fact it does, involve continual repetitions. Gustavus Adolphus, Tilly, Wallenstein, Piccolomini, Torstenson, and others, were engaged in the same battles and campaigns, and it is of course necessary to refer over and over again, however cursorily, to transactions which have been previously described, as often as the hero of a new life is under consideration. Besides, in this personal mode of treatment, we lose the advantage of any broad and consecutive view of the fluctuations of the contest, and of the relative bearings of operations in one part of the theatre of war upon operations in another. However, it is perhaps churlish to wish for something better, when we have got something which is so good. We ought not, as the proverb says, "to look a gift horse in the mouth."

The first three biographies in the work—those of Maurice, of Orange Nassau, and of Count Mansfeld—belong to the war of the Netherlands; but in the next, that of Tilly, we are launched at once into the Thirty Years' War. Of this celebrated general, who was never defeated until he encountered Gustavus Adolphus, Sir Edward has no very high opinion. He thinks that the old Walloon owed the unbroken success that attended his earlier career "to military qualities that were rather physical than educational." Even amongst his contemporaries he had no high reputation for strategy and tactics. The true hero of the war—the hero in virtue both of his noble and chivalrous character, and of his genius as a general—was undoubtedly Gustavus Adolphus, the "Lion of the North." His life and career are admirably told here, but of these our space will not permit us to enter into any details. We must be content with indicating very generally Sir E. Cust's estimate of this great King. A first-rate general in the field, he was also an administrator of eminent ability. The commissariat, the guns, the siege equipment, the discipline, and the morale of his army were perfect. He was vigilant, active, resolute, and far-seeing. His troops were well-clothed, well-paid, well-fed, and admirably led into action by officers whom the King carefully selected and sedulously formed. Plunder, cruelty, and immorality were sternly suppressed, though the age was one of license; and, as far as it lay within the power of Gustavus, the miseries of war were softened to the unhappy population amongst whom it was waged. He was the author of more, and more important, improvements in the tactics, the organization, and the equipment of armies, than any of the commanders of his own, or perhaps of any, age. Nor is it for these things alone, or even for his remarkable capacity as a statesman, that he merits a conspicuous place in history:—

"The high attributes of this great king's character were his private qualities of honesty, magnanimity, morality, and religion. There was not one breach of trust, one habitual immorality, one infraction of religion, one disregard of public virtue or private worth, that can strictly, or with any justice, be laid to his charge. We never find him encroaching or overbearing as a sovereign; we never discover him false or dishonourable in any of the relative or social duties of life. He preferred no man but for his presumed merit and probity; he broke his faith neither with potentate nor with subject; he never had recourse to dissimulation or deceit; for as a brave man he despised it, and as a man of integrity and judgment he did not need it. Gustavus Adolphus was one of those great and fortunate human beings, '*quem vituperare ne inimici quidem possunt, nisi ut simul laudent*,' and his name must ever live in the world's history as the 'Lion of the North,' and the bulwark of the Protestant faith."

The ablest opponent of the Swedish monarch was undoubtedly Wallenstein. Sir E. Cust does full justice to his military abilities, but he stigmatizes as it deserves his character as a man. "He was, from the earliest stage of his career, a man seeking the aggrandizement of self by the sordid acquisition of wealth." His assassination was, no doubt, an act of great treachery on the part of the Imperial court who instigated, and of the officers who carried it out; but it was in this respect only a kind of retributive justice upon a man who had himself never stuck at any treachery to gain his own ends.

Although the lives of Gustavus Adolphus and of Wallenstein are perhaps the portions of Sir E. Cust's work which will excite the greatest general interest, the most valuable—as containing the largest amount of new, or previously inaccessible, information—are the biographies of the great Swedish generals who fought under the King during his life, and successively commanded the army after his death. Baner, Torstenson, Horn, and Wrangel, were one and all men of conspicuous although of unequal ability. The palm of merit our author awards to Torstenson:—

"His surpassing merit as a commander was the astonishing celerity and pertinacity of his movements, so that, as has been already stated, he came to be called by his followers by the pet name of 'Blixten' (Swedish for lightning). So quick was his flash, that with an entire army he flew from the Danube to the Belt, and back again, punishing effectively all who crossed his path, yet his advent was almost always unexpected, and it brought destruction wherever he appeared. But it was not alone to this lightning-like execution that he owed all the many successes which he achieved; he appeared to have all the eyes of Argus, and all the hands of Briareus. Among the many able generals of the school of Gustavus, not one of them equalled him in the renown he justly acquired for the glory of Sweden."

* *Lives of the Warriors of the Thirty Years' War. Warriors of the Seventeenth Century.* By Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir Edward Cust, D.C.L., Author of "Annals of the Wars." London: Murray.

Although Sir E. Cust's sympathies are obviously with the Protestant side (and for our own part we are far from blaming him for it), they do not mislead his military judgment. He gives their due meed of praise to Pappenheim, Piccolomini, and Montecucculi—the two latter of whom he ranks amongst the greatest generals who figured in the war. Nor are his industry and research exhausted by the memoirs of the chiefs, for in an appendix he notices briefly, but sufficiently, all those leaders who occasionally commanded armies on either side, but who never rose to quite the first rank.

Before taking leave of the work, we ought to notice a suggestion which Sir Edward throws out for the improvement of our own army, and we shall give it in his own words:—

"I propose a cavalry regiment that should consist of twice as many men as horses—say 1,000 men to 500 horses—the rider a lightsome, hardy, active little fellow, who should be as much at home with a horse as a Pampas-man. As he could not be calculated on for close contest, he should be armed only with the best and lightest rifle and revolver; but as he might have also to defend himself on foot from the lance or the bayonet, he might carry a small sword of no great weight, but sufficient to ward a thrust. He should bear his ammunition round a waist-belt or on a bandolier—should be dressed in the best form of sportsman-habiliments, with a skull-cap like that of the police. The men's packs should be carried two together on the crupper-pad, unless when the horse carried double, at which time they should be strapped on the men's backs.

"At the proper time the men thus mounted should be carried briskly to the front, and as near to the enemy's formations as possible, when the hindmost should dismount and open fire—the horsemen retiring out of fire, but near enough to take the men on their saddles or protect them from the approach of cavalry. It is probable that such an irruption, which would bring a deadly fire to bear upon the foe, would be so annoying and intolerable, that, as in the olden time, under the effect of round-shot and grape, they would be obliged to move off the field; and then imagine the effect of these voltigeurs upon the flanks and rear of a retiring column! They would be as moving rifle-pits, and would immensely disturb every operation.

"Such troops might also be usefully employed for other purposes, more especially if care was taken to select them from the more intelligent classes—such, for example, as could speak French, or sketch a plan, or make good observations. As special soldiers are appointed for the duties of the staff corps and for sappers and miners, so these horsemen might be rendered available for raids across the front of the armies—two or more together (ride and tie), obtaining information about forage and supplies, and learning the facilities of a district to nourish and quarter troops. They might also execute many of the duties that have frequently to be sought for and organized after a campaign has been inaugurated, such as the gain of intelligence, &c."

Without venturing to pronounce a dogmatic opinion on the subject, we must say that this idea seems well worthy the attention of the Horse-Guards. At all events, it shows that Sir Edward Cust is not one of those who only admire novelties when they have ceased to be novel, and only tolerate innovations when they have been consecrated by time.

FOLIA SILVULÆ.*

"FOLIIS NE CARMINA MANDA" was the request made in the Æneid to the Cumean Sibyl. We have no wish to extend the command to Dr. Holden, but rather to thank him for his last shower of Folia and for the carmina contained in them. We have had already from the same hand a volume called "Foliorum Centuriæ," a collection of passages for rendering into Greek and Latin prose; also three volumes, the result of several editions, bearing the title of "Foliorum Silvula," a very complete arrangement of selections of English poetry for translation into Greek and Latin verse—a work ostensibly intended for use rather than pleasure, but at the same time forming a very charming *répertoire* of some of the best specimens of our poets. The "Folia Silvulæ," or "Leaves of the Grove," which has been recently published, is a collection of Greek and Latin versions by eminent scholars of many of the passages comprised in the "Foliorum Silvula." The idea of such a collection is not new. The "Arundines Cami," "Anthologia Oxoniensis," "Sabrinæ Corolla," and similar productions, have already passed through several editions, and are proof enough that such collections are acceptable to a large class of readers. There is certainly somewhat of novelty in publishing the English passages first, and the classical versions in a different volume. It might be supposed that this new volume would damage the sale of the earlier ones, inasmuch as teachers and pupils, who are the principal purchasers of the "Foliorum Silvula," will find it less available for purposes of tuition, now that so many of the passages are here ready translated. That, however, is a question altogether for the compiler to decide. To the reader, it is productive of this great disadvantage—that the English is not printed on the opposite pages, but he is referred to the original passage in the volumes previously published. This is really a serious drawback to the pleasure which this book ought to afford. Unless the English passages are known by heart, the book loses half its charm as a pocket companion; for there is no doubt that very much of the pleasure in reading modern Greek and Latin verses consists in appreciating the ready ingenuity that has turned the thought into

a new language, and the fine scholarship that has breathed into it a truly classical spirit. Not to have the English before our eyes robs us of this interest, or at any rate prevents our perfect enjoyment of it. Dr. Holden acknowledges in his Latin preface that his volume is for the few rather than the many. Some, he believes, will consider the book superfluous; some will treat such a compilation as altogether behind the age—those, that is, "quibus tantum est fastidium vetustatis, tanta novitatis velut prurigo, ut quidvis facere malint quam usitatis antiquorum itineribus insistere." Others, again, will hold that it is a mistake to encourage youths to devote any time to this particular branch of classical study. To the latter class Dr. Holden makes the concession, that verse composition must never be substituted for the severer tasks of classical education; for it is not the best man who of necessity can write the best Elegiacs. Indeed, it is more or less a special gift—with some it is often little better than a knack—and requires peculiar powers; "opus est ingeni quidam bonitate et vivido fervore animi [is not this last rather overstated?] auriumque judicio haud volgari." It is not a little remarkable how much of hatred and love has been spent upon Latin and Greek verse-writing. With some it has been quite a passion, beginning with school-days, and often continuing to the end of the chapter. There are greyheaded men in almost every walk in life who still delight to turn a few "longs and shorts" during a solitary walk, or a sleepless hour in bed; the process gives them keen pleasure, and the result is often treasured for its own sake. At the opposite extreme is an immense multitude of those whose school-days were often clouded, who were, perhaps, "swished," who learned to bite their nails, by the compulsion of having to write Latin verses. Boys who are neither dull nor unwilling to work, nor, indeed, bad scholars, are often completely prostrated by having to sit down to a copy of verse. Latin or Greek prose they might manage; but set them down to verse, and they can neither find words nor turn the thought into any classic form, and the result is what might be expected. It would be quite amusing to recount some of the giant throes which are necessary to them in turning off a single line. Perhaps one of the sharpest of these agonies is the effort made to "fill up" a verse when there does not seem to them to be ideas enough in the original. Certainly enough misplaced ingenuity comes out in this case, which, if applied in the right way, ought to supply any amount of good verses. But scantiness of material is not only the bugbear of poor Latin verse-writers. When the Scotch elder had to turn into rhyme the last verse of the 137th Psalm, "Blessed shall he be that taketh thy children and throweth them against the stones," he was met by a similar difficulty.

"Happy, thrice happy shall he be
Who . . .
Shall take and dash thy childer sma'
In pieces on the craggie!"

There the verse might have stopped for ever—there was nothing in the Psalm to help him out. But, by a divine afflatus, he was suddenly enabled to meet the rhyme and complete the picture—

"Who—riding on his naggie," &c.

He saw, and it was done at once—the tyrant on his charger gave a magnificent finish. And how often have our poor schoolboys to ride that accommodating "naggie" into the verse! Perhaps one more instance of perverted ingenuity in hammering out Latin verse is the way in which the English gets twisted and turned: an affirmative sentence becomes a negative, and *vice versa*—the whole thought is transmuted. Prince of these twisters and turners was the Etonian who found, to his horror, that he had to turn into a pentameter verse the line,

"For Time wears all his locks before."

It would not go; till the ingenuity of despair inspired him with the version—

"Tempus habet nullas posteriore comas!"

But enough of the afflictions of classic verse-writers. Let us look at the works of happier followers of the Muses. In the "Folia Silvulæ," now before us, we have the pleasure of meeting with some of the highest and most perfect specimens of Latin verse which have come from the pens of our most accomplished scholars. And it adds in no small degree to the permanent interest of the book that its judicious editor has not confined himself exclusively to the most recent productions of taste and scholarship. These versions embrace a period from the middle of the fifteenth century down to the present day. The bulk of the compositions is by living scholars; but the field is not closed to the genius of other times and other countries. The earliest composition included seems to be the elegant translation, by Angelo Politiano, of the well-known idyll of Moschus, beginning

'Α Κύπρις τὸν Ἐρωτα τὸν νύκτα μακρὸν ἐβώσκει,

And among other distinguished names upon the list may be found Pope Urban VIII., Hugo Grotius, J. C. Scaliger, George Buchanan, Andrew Marvell, and Abraham Cowley. A fair specimen of this group is a translation from the opening of Pindar's second Pythian ode, assigned to "Nicolaus Sudorius, A.S. 1582" (Χρυσία φόρμυξ):—

"Flavi supellex aurea Cynthii,
Grata et sororum dos Aganippidum,

* Folia Silvulæ, sive Elogie Poetarum Anglicorum in Latinum ac Græcæ conversæ, quas disposuit. Hubertus A. Holden, LL.D. Cantabrigiæ: Deighton et Bell.

Testudo dulcis, quæ choreis
Imperitas agilis juvenæ;
Cui cantus et vox paret, ubi sonum
Percussa primum mittis in æra:
Tu fulgur exstinguis coruscum
Tu rapidum Jovis una fulmen
Iramque placas."

Side by side with this may be read the version of Thomas Warton (1802):—

"Testudo filis apta nitentibus,
Quam rite servat Pieridum chorus,
Tu cantilenam, tu sequaces
Egregia regis arte gressus:
Percussa plectro leniter aureo
Pronum corusci fulminis impetum
Tu sistis, æternæque flammæ
Præcipientes moderaris ictus."

It is a very interesting feature in this volume that we are frequently presented with more than one version of the same original, and thus have an opportunity of comparing the ingenuity, the grace, the ease, the classic spirit, of distinguished scholars. The largest contributor to the work is Dr. Holden, the editor. No less than 112 versions are from his hand. Without an exception, they are distinguished by fine taste and elegant scholarship. If we were disposed to be critical, we might complain that he sometimes spoils a good verse by a little over-conscientiousness in making a point of every shade of meaning in the English. The devices for ensuring this have a tendency to injure that "ars celandi artem," which is the greatest charm of Latin verse-writing. But it is really the remarkable excellence of Dr. Holden's composition which makes us feel that we can afford to add this criticism. How gracefully these verses run, from Shelley's "Cloud" (No. 91)! We quote from the line, "I wield the flail of the flashing hail":—

"Incutitur grando terris: ego molior ictus,
Unde fit e viridi candida subter humus:
In pluviam resoluta redit mox: ipsa resolvo:
Si tonat, est risus murmur id omne meus.
Uvida progenies ego sum telluris et undæ,
Hinc aer nutrix excipit alma sinu:
Pervius oceanus mihi, pervia littora: mutor,
At nihil in me mors juris habere potest."

In the translation of Shakespeare's "When to the session of sweet silent thought" (P. ii. 111), we have the advantage of comparing Dr. Holden's version with that of Professor Evans, whose compositions in Greek and Latin verse have already gained such well-deserved admiration. We quote Mr. Evans's first:—

"Cum mihi quod retro est ævi se sistit imago,
Remque in judicium mens taciturna vocat,
Spes doleo lusas rerum plorataque quondam
Questus ab integro tempora trita gemo.
Tum recolens leti quos intempesta premit nox,
Flepe licet cessem, pectora fida fleo."

This is Dr. Holden's:—

"Uteunque mentis solus in foro meæ
Priscos remetiior dies,
Tunc expetebam spe quot irrita, subit
Desiderare denuo,
Interque fletus quos prius fleram, nova
Moræ queri dispendia:
Propter sodales nocte mersos perpete
Tunc insolens madet gena," &c.

Of the two, the second carries with it rather more of the spirit of the original. We like better still the version which Mr. Evans gives us of Bryant's lines:—

"Stay, rivulet, nor haste to leave
The lovely vale that lies around thee;
Why wouldst thou be a sea at eve,
When but a fount the morning found thee?"

Nothing can flow with greater ease and grace than this:—

"Siste pedem liquidum neu torrens desere vallem,
Rivule, quæ ripas ambit amoena tuas:
Cur vespertinus properas maris instar habere,
Quem modicum fontem viderit orta dies?"

There are many ingenious versions in the book of poems most thoroughly unclassical in form, most completely modern in spirit. Of course the amount of success is various: sometimes it amounts almost to a magical transmutation; sometimes the task proves more than human. No one is bolder in this attempt than Mr. Jebb. We subjoin his very clever version (ii. 377) from Keats:—

"In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity;
The north can not undo them
With a sleety whistle through them,
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime."

"Horreant, arbor, tenebræ Decembris,
At, quater fausto Jove, te vietam

Nulla fortunæ speciosioris
Cura remordet.
Sibilans tutis aquilo minatur
Grandinem ramis: male pertinaci
Stringit amplexu glacialis humor
Vere novandos."

Mr. Tennyson's "Tears, idle tears," has tempted a good many efforts. We must find room for a few lines beginning—

"O sweet and strange as in dark summer dawns."

Mr. George Butler renders them:—

"Tristia præteriti redeunt sic acta diei,
Tristia sic redeunt, ut prima æstate volucrum
Matutina cadunt morientis carmina in aures
Lumine non certo, cum jam morientis ocellis
Paulatim quadras tremulæ explicuere fenestræ."

Mr. Jebb's version runs thus:—

"Ac veluti dubiis sub lucem æstate tenebris
Fit vigilum male nidorum vagitus; at ægro
Auscultat sensu moriens, cui lumina cernunt
Sublustrem jam stare magis magis ægra fenestram,
Tam lapsi subit ægra die, tam tristis imago."

But Mr. Thring's clever rendering in Greek iambics must not be omitted:—

Φεῦ φεῦ· ἔω μὲν οἷον ὀρνέων μινύρεται
τῶν πρωτομόλων σκότιον ἐξ ἕπνον μέλος,
πικρὸν τι θαῦμα ἔς ὧτα θνήσκοντος θέρει,
θέρει δ' ἀμαυροῖς ἐκφανῆς ὅσσοις μόγις
φάος τι τετραγώνον ἀνταλλάσσεται
ὥς πικρὸν, ὡς θαυμαστὸν αἱ πρὶν ἡμέραι.

As a general rule it would not seem that Mr. Tennyson's poetry (perhaps with the exception of passages from "In Memoriam") can be successfully translated into classical verse. There never was a more difficult test than the sweet and simple song, "Home they brought her warrior dead." For instance, in the two versions given in this volume (No. 289), how unsatisfactorily the "She must weep, or she will die," is represented by "Ah! flet: est lacrimis ne moriatur opus;" or by "Flendum est: ni poterit flere, necesse mori est." Might not it run much more simply, "Si cohibet lacrimas, sors manet una, mori"? It seems doing absolute injustice to the volume to omit specimens of the exquisite compositions of Professor J. G. Lonsdale, Professor Conington, and Mr. H. A. J. Munro, the distinguished editor of Lucretius. But we must be content with quoting a few lines only from Mr. Lonsdale's translation of Pope's "Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts" (No. 764):—

"Sic primis læti pedibus minitantiæ saxa
Scandimus, æriasque Alpes, vallemque jacentem
Spernere gaudemus, cæloque incedimus ipso:
Æternasque nives jam præterisse videmur;
Primus enim mons quisque et nubes quæque laborum
Creditor extremus finis; mox proxima frustra
Attigimus, quoniam via se nova porrigit usque,
Et magis atque magis graviora pericla timemus.
Jamque vagos oculos prospectu scena fatigat
Latior extendens sese, scopulosque minaces
Despiciunt scopuli, cumulanturque Alpibus Alpes."

Dare we venture, even after all Mr. Munro's researches in Latin orthography, still to remonstrate on being committed to a system which is really no less arbitrary than the one commonly received? At any rate we must offer as a puzzle which will need at least twice reading, his line in the "Isles of Greece":—

"Qua cum Deliacost edita Delos ero."

But, whatever variety of merit the respective versions may exhibit, these "Folia Silvulæ" must be among the favourite books of all lovers of scholarship. It is a far more complete collection than has hitherto been attempted; it is a lasting monument of classical taste in the present day, and the selection does honour to the judgment and ability of its editor. If here and there we feel inclined to quarrel with the orthography, there is nothing but praise to bestow upon the beauty and clearness of the printing; nor must the new fount of Greek type, a sort of graceful compromise between the cursive and the uncial, pass unnoticed. This summer has added a melancholy interest to one composition, from the pen of Mr. R. Knyvett Wilson, a name so sadly connected with the fatal Riffelhorn. By a strange coincidence the verses commemorate a point of solitary rock (ὡ πύργος στονόσσα, νύκτον δὲ σοι ἔρχεται οὐδέν). The last four lines are worth quoting, for their own sake and for their touching sentiment:—

ἀλλ' ἔμψης καὶ τῷδε παρὰ στίχος Οὐρανίωνων
καὶ χρῆται γὰρ Διὸς τοῦ φίλου φίλῳ,
καὶ τὸ μαθὼν ἐχάρη, πόσον ὠφελεῖ ἀλγεα πάσχειν,
αἰεὶ τ' ἐφ' ἡσυχίης πάντα Θεῶν πείσυνος.

ICE-CAVES.*

WHILE his colleagues of the Alpine Club have been scaling the summits, Mr. Browne has been diving into the bowels, of the

* Ice-caves in France and Switzerland; a Narrative of Subterranean Exploration. By the Rev. G. F. Browne, M.A. London: Longmans.

mountains. In the very pleasantly-written volume before us, we have an excellent account of his careful examination of a number of the natural ice-caves which exist in various parts of the Alps and of the Jura, as they do in other ranges of mountains. These caves, it may be as well to say at once, for the information of those to whom the subject is unfamiliar, are not formed in, or connected with, glaciers. They are not even in the regions of ice or snow. They are simply hollows in the rock, in latitudes and at altitudes where ice could not exist under ordinary circumstances, but where it is nevertheless found under those which are here described. Mr. Browne is the first English author, so far as we are aware, who has devoted his attention to the curious phenomena presented by these ice-caves, although notices of them will be found in the works of several continental authors. No previous writer, however, has visited so many of these curious caverns, or described them with equal minuteness. For that reason alone, the work would be noteworthy and interesting. But it must not be supposed that it is only worth reading on this account. The author is an entertaining and picturesque writer, with a quick eye for the natural beauties of scenery, and a keen perception of the peculiarities of the people with whom he was brought in contact. Those who care little for the main subject of his book will nevertheless find both amusement and instruction in the lively narrative of his wanderings, and in the amusing anecdotes which he has to tell concerning the various odd and out-of-the-way people whom he encountered.

The first ice-cave, or *glacière*, which he visited was that of La Genollière, which is at no great distance from Arzier, "a village which may be seen in profile from the Grand Quay at Geneva, ambitiously climbing towards the summit of the last slope of the Jura." It is at an elevation of about 2,800 feet above the lake, or 4,000 above the sea. At the bottom of a natural pit, some 52 feet below the surface of the mountain, the entrance to a small, but comparatively lofty, cave is discovered. At the further end of this is an inner cave, the entrance to which is not more than two or three feet high. This is the *glacière*. It is about 51 feet long, having about 37 feet of the floor in length, by 11 feet in breadth, covered with ice,—with ice not in the form of a sheet on a pool of water, but perfectly solid, "forming the floor of the cave, filling up the interstices of the loose stones, and rising above them in this cave with a surface perfectly level." In the cavern, when Mr. Browne visited it, there were four columns of ice—one standing perfectly clear of the rock, and the others streaming down like so many cascades from corresponding fissures in the roof or sides. The ice of these columns exhibited some rather remarkable peculiarities. The surface was covered with irregular lines, cutting rather deeply into the ice, and forming a sort of network of many different shapes and sizes. The column which stood clear of the rock was composed of very limpid ice, without any admixture of air; but the cascades were interpenetrated by veins of looser white ice, the surface lines disappearing whenever this white ice occurred. Without exception, the ice of the columns was prismatic, either wholly, as in the clear column, or partly, as where limpid prisms occurred amongst the white ice which ran in veins down the cascades. The temperature of the cave was about 34 degrees, or rather less. It may save repetition if we say here, once for all, that the temperature of these *glacières* when Mr. Browne visited them (in summer) was in every case from one to two degrees above freezing-point.

The *glacière* of S. Georges, in the Jura, is entered by three ladders, one below the other, their united lengths being more than 60 feet. The length of the cave is 110 feet, the lower part of the floor being a sea of ice of unknown depth, 45 feet long by 15 broad. The most striking feature in this cavern is the north-west wall, which is covered with a sheet of ice 70 feet long and 22 high in the highest part; its general thickness being from a foot to a foot and a half. The same prismatic structure which was found in the columns at La Genollière was universal in this sheet of ice, and in the loose blocks which lay on the floor, and which were composed of the remains of former columns. It was also observable in many parts of the ice-floor itself.

At the Pré de S. Livres, the mountain pasturage of the village of Aubonne (in the Jura), Mr. Browne found two of the most remarkable of these caves. That which lies lowest on the mountain—

"Is entered by a natural pit in the gentle slope of grass, not much unlike the pit of La Genollière, but wider, and covered at the bottom with snow. The first ladder leads down to a ledge of rock on which bushes and trees grow, and this ledge it is possible to reach without a ladder; the next ladder leads on to the deep snow, and descent by any ordinary manner of climbing is in this case quite impossible. The snow slopes down towards a lofty arch in the rock which forms the north-west side of the pit, and this arch is the entrance to the *glacière*; it is 28½ feet wide, and as soon as we passed under it we found that the snow became ice, and it was necessary to cut steps; for the surface of underground ice is so slippery, unlike the surface of ordinary glaciers, that the slightest defect from the horizontal makes the use of the axe advisable. The stream of ice falls gradually, spreading out laterally like a fan, so as to accommodate itself to the shape of the cave, which it fills up to the side walls; it increases in breadth from 28½ feet at the top to 72 feet at the bottom of the slope, and the distance from the top of the first ladder to this point is 177 feet. Here we were arrested by a strange wall of ice 22 feet high, down which there seemed at first no means of passing; but, finding an old ladder frozen into a part of the wall, we chopped out holes between the upper steps, and so descended, landing on a flooring composed of broken blocks and columns of ice, with a certain amount of what seemed to be drifted snow. This wall of ice, which was 72 feet long, and 22 feet

high, was not vertical, but sloped the wrong way, caving in under the stream of ice; and from the projecting top of the wall a long fringe of vast icicles hung down, along the whole breadth of the fan. The effect of this was, that we could walk between the ice-wall and the icicles as in a cloister, with solid ice on the one hand and Gothic arcades of ice on the other, the floor being likewise of ice, and the roof formed by the junction of the wall with the top of the icicle-arcade. The floor of this cloister was not 22 feet below the top of the wall, for it formed the upper part of a gentle descending slope of ice, rounded off like a fall of water, which seemed to flow from the lower part of the wall; and the height of 22 feet is reckoned from the foot of this slope, which terminated at a few feet of horizontal distance from the foot of the wall. The wall of ice was plainly marked with horizontal bands, corresponding, no doubt, to a number of years of successive deposits; sometimes a few leaves, but more generally a strip of minuter debris, signified the divisions between the annual layers. There had been many columns of ice from fissures in the rock, but all had fallen except one large ice-cascade, which flowed from a hole in the side of the cave on to the main stream, about two-thirds of the distance down from the snow. One particularly grand column had stood on the very edge of the ice-wall, and its remains now lay below. The flooring of mingled ice and snow, on which we stood, sloped through about five vertical feet from the foot of the wall, and came to an end on broken rocks, from which the terminal wall of the cave sprang up. The effect of the view from this point, as we looked up the long slope of ice to where the ladders and a small piece of sky were visible, was most striking."

While Mr. Browne was making sketches, his guide chopped a hole in the floor close to the point where it joined the end wall of the cave. Through this the two explorers passed, and they then found themselves on a steeply-sloping descent of large blocks of stone, while in front of them was a magnificent wall of ice, evidently the continuation of the wall above. This wall joined the slope of stones some 50 feet below the floor. The upper *glacière* of the Pré de S. Livres is perhaps still more curious. The cave is entered from the outside, very much in the usual way. A steeply-descending stream of ice is then found, down which it is necessary to cut steps. This stream passes, at the end of what may be called the first cavern, through an arch or trough about 4 feet wide and from 1½ to 1½ feet high, and then spreads out like a fan, falling into another cavern 72 feet long by 36 feet broad:—

"The breadth of the fan at the bottom was 27 feet; and near the archway a very striking column poured from a vertical fissure in the wall, and joined the main stream. The fissure was partially open to the cave, and showed the solid round column within the rock; this column measured 18½ feet in circumference, a little below the point where it became free of the fissure, and it had a stream of ice 22 feet long pouring from its base. The colour of the column was unusual, being a dull yellowish green, and the peculiar structure of the ice gave the whole mass the appearance of coursing down very rapidly, as if the water had been frozen while thus moving, and had not therefore ceased so to move. At the bottom of the fan, the flooring of the cave consisted of broken stones for a small space, and then came a black lake of ice, which occupied all the centre of the cave, and afforded us no opportunity of even guessing at its depth. From the manner, however, in which it blended with the stones at its edge, I am not inclined to believe that this depth was anything very great."

At Grâce Dieu, in the neighbourhood of Besançon, Mr. Browne found another cave which would be quite worth dwelling upon if our space would permit us to do so; and at Besançon itself he enjoyed a bath of so novel a character that we must let him describe it:—

"There is a water-mill in the town, with a low weir stretching across the river, down which the water rushes with no very great violence. At the foot of this weir a row of sentry-boxes is placed, approached by planks, and in these boxes the adventurer finds his bath. A stout piece of wood-work is fixed horizontally along the face of the weir, and has the effect of throwing the downward water out of its natural direction, and causing it to describe an arch, so that it descends with much force on to the weir at a point below the woodwork. Here two planks are placed, forming a seat and a support for the back, and a little lower still another plank for the feet to rest upon, without which the bather would have a good chance of being washed away. The water boils noisily and violently on all sides, and in all directions, coming down upon the subject's shoulders with a heavy thud, which calls to mind the tender years when something softer than a cane was used, and sends him forth like a fresh-boiled lobster. All this, with towels, is not dear at fourpence."

In the beautiful Val de Travers, two more caves were discovered, although not without some trouble. Those who are going "the regular Swiss round" will find another called the Schafloch, or Trou-aux-Moutons, near the Lake of Thun; while those who can face the discomforts of travelling in Dauphiné may there visit four others which are here described. The most remarkable of the latter is that of Grand Ann, not far from Annecy. It is approached by descending the rocky side of a deep pit, and then a slope of snow. At the foot of this slope is the entrance to the *glacière*, which is a rough circle 60 feet in diameter—the floor, which is of solid ice, sloping gradually to the further end. The entrance is half closed by a steep cone of snow which seems to have descended from a small opening in the roof. The water which comes from the melting of the snow-slope, cuts deep channels in the ice-floor, precipitating itself eventually down a large pit or *moulin* in the ice at the lowest point. At the extreme right of the cave is another pit, at the bottom of which (some 60 feet down) is a second ice slope, which passes under the rock, and apparently leads into

another ice-cave. Near the entrance of the *glacière* was one of the columns or cascades which we mentioned in describing the *glacière* of La Genollière. Behind this, Mr. Browne forced his way by chopping off some lovely ornaments of ice, and he then found that the ground ice fell away a little under the surface, leaving a cavern eight or nine feet deep, on the rock side of which every possible glacial fantasy was to be found.

Besides describing the twelve ice-caves which he has himself visited, Mr. Browne has collected from the works of other writers accounts of a number of similar places in all the quarters of the globe. *Glacières* are found, it seems, in the mountains of Cabul, in Iceland, on the steppes of the Kerghis, on the peak of Teneriffe, in Bohemia, Styria, Hungary, Sweden, and Virginia—and no doubt elsewhere also.

Having noticed, as fully as we are able, some of the more remarkable of the caves explored by our author, it is now time to say a word or two on the probable cause of subterranean ice. The material of which the ice is composed of course descends, either in simple water or as melted snow, through fissures in the rock, or down the pit by which the *glacière* is approached. The question is—how is it frozen, and kept from thawing during the heat of summer? Various theories have been started to account for the phenomena observed; but most of them are evidently founded on a very imperfect knowledge of the facts. In Mr. Browne's opinion, the true explanation is the following one, which we shall give in his own words (somewhat abridged):—

"The view which Deluc adopted was one which I have myself independently formed; and he would probably have written with more force if he had been acquainted with various small details relating to the position and surroundings of many of the caves. The heavy cold air of winter sinks down into the *glacières*, and the lighter warm air of summer cannot, on ordinary principles of gravitation, dislodge it, so that heat is very slowly spread in the caves; and, even when some amount of heat does reach the ice, the latter melts but slowly, for ice absorbs 60° C. of heat in melting; and thus, when heat is once formed, it becomes a material guarantee for the permanence of cold in the cave.

"For this explanation to hold good, it is necessary that the level at which the ice is found should be below the level of the entrance to the cave; otherwise the mere weight of the cold air would cause it to leave its prison as soon as the spring warmth arrived. In every single case that has come under my observation, this condition has been emphatically fulfilled. It is necessary, also, that the cave should be protected from direct radiation, as the gravitation of cold air has nothing to do with resistance to that powerful means of introducing heat. A third and very necessary condition is, that the wind should not be allowed access to the cave; for, if it were, it would infallibly bring in heated air, in spite of the specific weight of the cold air stored within. The can be no doubt, too, that the large surfaces which are available for evaporation have much to do with maintaining a somewhat lower temperature than the mean temperature of the place where the cave occurs. Another great advantage which some *glacières* possess must be borne in mind, namely, the collection of the snow at the bottom of the pit in which the entrance lies. This snow absorbs, in the course of melting, all heat which strikes down by radiation, or is driven down by accidental turns of the wind; and the snow-water thus forced into the cave will, at any rate, not seriously injure the ice. It is worthy of notice that the two caves which possess the greatest depth of ice, so far as I have been able to fathom it, are precisely those which have the greatest deposit of snow.

"I believe that the true explanation of the curious phenomena presented by these caves in general, is to be found in Deluc's theory, fortified by such facts as those which I have now stated."

We are compelled most unwillingly to omit all reference to Mr. Browne's observations on the prismatic structure of the ice in *glacières*. They will be found well worth reading by all who take any interest in subjects of the kind. We have only to say in conclusion that, both as a contribution to our knowledge of physical phenomena and as a pleasant narrative of summer travel, we can heartily commend to favourable public notice this latest addition to Alpine literature.

A BOOK OF MISCELLANIES.*

A FLUENT writer, and a copious, was the late Sir Lascelles Wrexall, whose premature death we recorded a few months ago. He had seen a good deal of the world, and had acquired that rapid, dashing, colloquial style which so commonly results from frequent change of scene and a life of excitement and variety. He appears to have run about over the greater part of Europe, as well as other quarters of the globe, and to have kept a close eye on all he saw in the way of national manners and social customs. These he described with some vividness, and always in a way that is light and entertaining. His literary style was not good, being often incorrect, slipshod, unidiomatic, and full of garrulous digressions; but a man who has seen a wide extent of life, has kept his powers of observation in constant activity, and can relate vivaciously the most noteworthy things he has encountered, is sure to produce a book worth reading. The "Scraps and Sketches" here "gathered together" appear to have been written at different periods, and include a great many widely distant countries. France, Germany, Italy, Turkey, Egypt, the Crimea, and America, are some of the lands of which we gather many lively and readable

particulars from the two volumes now before us. Sir Lascelles saw a good deal of Germany during the commotions of 1848-9, and he was in the Crimea and Turkey at the period of the war. The opening chapter of his first volume, bearing the heading of "A Week in Constantinople," does not add much to our knowledge of the Ottoman capital, yet it contains one or two details of interest. It seems that of late the trade in Circassian and Georgian women, for the harems of the pashas, has fallen off, the Turks having discovered that the Circassian girls are obstinate, extravagant, and sulky, while the Georgians are stolid and awkward. Turkish coffee, which is generally supposed to be perfection, appeared to Sir Lascelles Wrexall a detestable combination of the extract of the berry with the "grouts," the compound being so thick that it was necessary to eat it with a spoon. The celebrated "Sweet Waters," about which so much rapture has been vented by a long succession of writers, turned out to be nothing better than a piece of stagnant water about half a mile long, with a semi-decayed palace on the banks, resembling Hornsey Wood House. On the whole, Constantinople disgusted Sir Lascelles with its barbarism, its brutality, and its squalor, and he thinks we had an utterly worthless cause in 1854-5—an opinion, however, which is based on the incorrect assumption that we went to war out of admiration for Turkish institutions, and not to resist the encroachments of Russia. Referring to the period when we were helping the Turks to resist their powerful enemy, he relates that Englishmen were sometimes attacked while going home to their quarters in Pera; "and one night a major of the German Legion was stabbed in four places, just after he had left the coffee-house." Tophaneh and Galata are dangerous to pass through at night time, and even in the day the police have some trouble in preventing actual murder from being committed. Our author, however, admits that the Turk does not often beg. There are swarms of beggars, but they are mostly Greeks and Armenians.

"A Winter in Kertch" gives us the results of the author's experiences of that town while the war with Russia was progressing. Sir Lascelles Wrexall, at the period in question, was an officer in the Turkish Contingent, and he refers to the circumstances under which that body was formed. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe thought that a splendid force might be created out of Turkish soldiers commanded by English officers; and the Sultan consented to hand over certain regiments ("principally *mauvais sujets*," says our author), to be disciplined, equipped, and paid by this country. The commander of these auxiliaries was General Vivian, and the manner in which he performed his difficult task of organizing the rough materials placed at his disposal is spoken of by Sir Lascelles in terms of high praise. The men were utter ruffians, bigoted in their religious views, and prone to mutiny, to which, it is alleged, they were sometimes incited by the native Turkish officers, who were jealous of the Europeans placed over them; but General Vivian adopted a policy of conciliation, and "within three months converted a riotous body of Albanians, Arnauts, and Pallikars into a highly-disciplined force." Had the Contingent been permanently established, the Turkish officers would probably have been removed; and then, says Sir Lascelles, "few nations would have had a finer body of men at their command." At first, robberies, murders, and other outrages were committed; but these were suppressed with a stern hand, and the force afterwards behaved itself well. Some interesting particulars are added:—

"It cannot be denied that the Turk, regarded as a soldier, is the very best raw material that can be procured. It would be difficult to find in any army soldiers so modest in their requirements as the Turkish, or any satisfied with so little, or, indeed, with nothing at all. With a lump of bread, some sugar, and cheese in his pocket, this soldier will endure the greatest fatigue; he will follow without a murmur wherever his leader may take him, and when utterly exhausted he recruits his strength by singing one of the patriotic songs which generally throw the Turks into a state of ecstatic delight.

"It is curious to watch, as I have done, the utter contempt of death with which the Turkish soldier marches to meet the foe; he knows that his destiny has been fixed since the day of his birth; he knows that he must die whenever his time comes, and that a whole park of artillery would miss him if his destiny so decrees it; finally, he knows that, if he fall in battle, he will go straightway to Paradise—and won't he be better off there than in this world of cares? The same feeling, indeed, predominates with the Turks whenever the approach of death is felt. I have seen them dying here in the hospitals, and the calmness of their demeanour would shame many a Christian; let them once be persuaded that they are booked for another world, and the surgeon may lock up his medicaments again—no persuasion will induce the Turk to attempt to frustrate the designs of Providence.

"Although the pay of the privates only amounts to twenty piastres a month, still the soldiers are so saving, and their wants so small, that it is amply sufficient for them. Many of them with whom I have spoken appear to prefer the old Turkish system of irregular payments to ours. In the first place, the Sultan's treasury served them as a species of savings' bank, and relieved them of the necessity of carrying about their little capital in their waist-scarf. There is another light, too, in which the soldier regards the matter; if he happens to fall in battle, and does not happen to carry his money about with him, he is sure that it will not fall into the hands of the enemy after his death; and as the common Turk is generally very craving, or at least highly economical, he naturally prefers making a will in favour of his padishah than of the dogs of Moscow."

"When the Turks were first handed over to us by the padishah, nothing could have furnished a more striking proof of the state of his exchequer than their deplorable appearance. Even his crack

* Scraps and Sketches Gathered Together. By Sir Lascelles Wrexall, Bart. Two vols. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

regiments, that had fought so bravely at Silistria, were in rags, and armed with old flint muskets. But English money soon made an alteration in this; any quantity of new clothes have been issued; and had the war lasted, the whole of the Contingent would have been armed by this time with Minié rifles, obtained from Balaklava, when the new Enfield Pritchett rifle was issued to the English army. And I must say that the Turkish soldiers deserve good weapons; as a body they are the finest marksmen I ever saw, as their targets will abundantly testify, and their care of their muskets is beyond all praise. The sentries, when on duty, spend the greater portion of their time in polishing up their barrels with a piece of oiled rag, and rust is quite unknown among them."

The Tartars we are surprised to find characterized as "the biggest cowards on the face of the earth." They are terribly afraid of the Russians, and, according to our author, not without reason.

A very lively account is given by Sir Lascelles of his voyage, after the conclusion of peace, from Stamboul to Pesth, the discomforts of which are amusingly described. He complains very bitterly of our Government for dismissing the officers of the Turkish Contingent with only two months' pay; and altogether his experiences of the East seem to have been anything but agreeable. Of his first day at Cairo, however (this was on another occasion), he has some very pleasant reminiscences. He arrived by train after sunset, and, being driven quickly through the dark streets, saw but little that night; but the impressions produced on the following morning were almost magical:—

"Even in the silence of night I fancied I could hear distant singing to a solemn tune in the streets; and, indeed, the praise of Allah is chanted from the minarets of the principal mosques throughout the night. When I awoke, words smote distinctly on my ear through the open window; it was the Adan, or summons of the muezzin to morning prayer. I walked to the window, and witnessed a scene that harmonized with the sound. Beneath me, on a small triangular space, partly overshadowed by a thickly-leaved acacia, stood a khavass before a cloth spread on the ground, on the point of performing the genuflections prescribed by Islam. A little further on a shepherd, surrounded by his flock, was lying with his head in the dust. Above the roof of the house behind the tree rose some lofty palms, whose crowns, moved by the wind, bowed also in the direction of Mecca. Further back rose three graceful minarets, lit up by the yellow shimmer of dawn. The cry that had aroused me came from the gallery of the nearest of them. On the others the muezzins, with their white turbans and light blue caftans, were still standing, and singing down into the silent lanes and gardens their 'Allah akbar!'"

"While I was mentally recording the main features of this picture, the yellow dawn was followed by the red, and lastly by the sun. The city was awake, and louder and louder grew the murmur of traffic in the streets below me. With the buzzing of the Semitic guttural tones, the donkeys, now beginning to collect before the houses, blended their ear-piercing braying; the market-folk flocked in and praised their wares with lengthened shouts; workmen walked towards the building-places with a melancholy song; a shrill female voice contended—and, as it seemed, victoriously—with a dozen masculine voices; goats bleated their complaints at being milked so roughly; buffaloes bellowed; camels grunted the bass to the concert, in which gradually joined the water-carriers with the tinkle of their brass cups, the street changers with the regular rattle of their copper piastres, the coachmen with their whips, and the runners who here bound before every vehicle with their incessant 'Guarda, guarda, ya chowadja!'"

A very picturesque and vivid sketch of life as it appears in the streets of Cairo is presented in this chapter. Here are a few groups which remind us of the "Arabian Nights":—

"The lupins of Nubali are sweeter than almonds!" a blue caftan with a sack on his back announces. Soon after is heard the cry of a water-carrier, 'May God requite it to me!' accompanied by the clatter of cups. Almost at the same moment I heard the cries, 'May God grant that I easily get rid of them, oh lemons!' and 'Fragrance of Paradise,' with which the dealer in henna-blossoms tries to induce the passers-by to purchase. 'Oh, arouser of compassion, oh Lord!' a beggar grunts, and a member of the same guild, possessed of greater self-respect, shouts almost simultaneously, 'I am the guest of God and of the Prophet!'"

"Then appears the sherbet-seller, who carries on his head a round copper tray, on which cans of cooling date-juice stand. Then comes a man, also carrying on his head a heavy basket of pipe-bowls, which he declares to be of Sycet manufacture. Then appear sundry dellals, or street brokers, who for a certain per-centage dispose by public auction of any goods a private person may wish to get rid of. Near the Nubian, who is now chaffering with two Englishmen for a sword, which in the German factory, whence it indubitably came, cost a dollar, but will here, I presume, be sold for a couple of sovereigns, as made at Habesch, a ragged fellow is squatting, whose shapeless feet show that he is tortured by elephantiasis. Close to the cripple, a brown woman, of the race of the Ghawaggi, is performing, to the sound of a drum and small brass castanets she strikes above her head, those sensual dances which the monuments of Thebes tell us date from the time of the Pharaohs. On her head she wears a tarbush, adorned with gold coins; her eyelids are stained of a dark colour, and wide yellow and red striped trousers are visible under the fluttering blue chemise, which only half covers her bosom. The performer on the drum is her husband, and procurer. Mehemet Ali banished these wretches to Upper Egypt, but they have since crept back, and the passers-by exclaim, 'Allah Keriar!' God is kind and merciful! and the present Pacha's Government is also merciful."

Sir Lascelles Wraxall happened to be staying at Freyburg when the little ineffectual attempt at revolution in 1848 took place; and, while feeling little sympathy with the democratic party, he

was forced by its leaders to assist at the barricades, though exposed to no small danger from the fire of the soldiers outside the walls of the town. Of the revolutionists he gives a very poor account; and he was heartily glad to make his escape into the Black Forest, even at the risk of being starved in that wild region.

The gambling hells of Baden-Baden, the modern improvements in Paris (of which Sir Lascelles writes enthusiastically), the brigands of Naples, the oddities of American character, and other features of the great world as it exists at the present day, are described in papers of more or less ability; and some purely fictitious stories vary the essays and personal reminiscences. We must now, however, close these volumes, and leave the reader to examine them more particularly for himself. Their literary pretensions are not great; but they are amusing and spirited, and even contain matter of more solid value.

NEW NOVELS.*

THE story of "Grasp your Nettle" is not unlike that with which we were made familiar in "George Geith." Mr. Trelawney, a man of more than ordinary excellence,—intellectual, accomplished, muscular, and good-looking,—has the misfortune to be fascinated in early life by a woman who is altogether unworthy of him. For years he is afflicted by her existence and society; but eventually she leaves him, and soon afterwards there come to him the tidings of her death at Funchal. The load being lifted from his heart, he breathes again, and once more begins to indulge in hopes of future happiness; but he does not take the ordinary precaution of testing the truth of the news which has set him at ease. Regarding his late wife merely in the light of a corpse, he contracts a new alliance, and weds Aura Escott, the charming daughter of the rector of the parish in which he resides. Happiness follows the marriage, and takes up its abode with the wedded pair. Aura is a noble, high-minded, pure-hearted woman, and she becomes a model wife. Jasper Trelawney is a pattern for husbands to imitate, and during six years he never gives Aura a moment's uneasiness, or a single reason for regretting the step she took in marrying him. But at the end of that time comes a cloud in the blue sky which has so long canopied her wedded life. The brother of the first Mrs. Trelawney appears upon the scene, and, being a swindler of the deepest dye, sets to work to get as much money as possible out of his brother-in-law under false pretences. An interview takes place between this Mr. Dysart, as he calls himself, and Mr. Trelawney, in which the latter is told that his first wife is still alive, and will come forward to claim him unless a handsome hush-money is paid. Mr. Trelawney foolishly consents to fee his nettle, instead of grasping it like a man; but allowance must be made for the conduct of a sufferer who is described as "white and bloodless, his head bent forward, his bloodshot eyes gazing into vacancy with that look of dumb despair more painful to witness than any tears or fiery passion, his tall figure motionless and rigid as if stiffened into stone, his hand clenched till the knuckles were white and the nails were cutting through the skin, large drops upon his forehead, and hanging thick on his moustache, and the laboured breath of a man in a deadly struggle." From this moment of weakness, Mr. Trelawney knows no peace; his brother-in-law haunts him perpetually, and brings down a living sister to personate the original Mrs. Trelawney in the eyes of the neighbours. Of course she keeps out of the way of her injured brother-in-law, but she goes to see the second Mrs. Trelawney, and drives her almost out of her wits. A terrible struggle arises in poor Aura's mind. Her love is at war with her conscience; the one urging her to stand by him whom she has long deemed her husband, and to bear him company in all his troubles; the other admonishing her to leave him, for she has no right to be with him. Some of the neighbours take her part, and behave kindly towards her; but others turn aside from her, and treat her with the most uncharitable rudeness. Mr. Trelawney goes off to Madeira, on the principle of "better late than never;" but no Funchalese can give him any information about his former wife's life or death. He returns to find that his children by his first marriage have been carried away by the lady who has been passing herself off as their mother. The blackest night seems to surround him and Aura, with no appearance anywhere of a break in the clouds. Worst of all, his wife, who is now almost certain that she is not his wife, tells him that she fears she will have to leave him. At this point of the story, every reader must feel that the hero has no alternative but a brain-fever. That inevitable disease got through, the sunlight of which the Trelawneys have so long been deprived begins to show symptoms of a return. And when it has once found its way back, it fairly floods the scene. Good fortune sets in with a steady tide, and the virtuous people are all rewarded, while the rogues meet with their deserts. It turns out that the first Mrs. Trelawney is really dead and buried, and that the stories told by Mr. Dysart and his sister are due to nothing but their fertile imaginations. When that swindler is first detected, he loses "the semblance of a human being. His dark face

* Grasp your Nettle. By E. Lynn Linton, Author of the "Lake Country," &c. Three vols. London: Smith & Elder.

Who was to Blame? By Joseph Verey. Two vols. London: J. Maxwell & Co. Noel; or, It Was to Be. By Robert Baker and Skelton Yorke. Two vols. London: Smith & Elder.

Rose Aylmer's Home. Three vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

Fairy Alice. By Percy Fitzgerald, Author of "Never Forgotten," &c. Two vols. London: Bentley.

blackened and distorted, the forehead flattened and the skin drawn back, the nostrils dilated, the lips widened and partially open, so that the white teeth, set and shining, could be seen between, the red-brown eyes flaming beneath the level brow, the hands and fingers curved rather than clenched, the lithe body arched and poised." However, he soon recovers his self-possession, and blows out his brains with perfect serenity. His sister repents and confesses; all is cleared up, and, amidst the applause of the bystanders, Trelawney clasps the wife who is once more his own, and the curtain drops on general happiness. The tone of the book is thoroughly good, and Aura's character is very charming. Mr. Trelawney is somewhat inanimate, but he is atoned for by his wife, who is of herself sufficient to make the book attractive. But the villain is a very unsatisfactory individual. There is no reality about him, and his plots are as transparent as his existence is shadowy. His sister is rather better, but she does not succeed in convincing us of her existence. Much more life-like are some of the other characters introduced on the stage, though the parts they play are of inferior importance. Some of them are probably sketched from the life, and are therefore not devoid of probability, while the swindlers have been drawn from imagination, and are consequently failures. In spite, however, of these and other drawbacks, there is much in Mrs. Linton's book which makes it worth reading.

The unfortunate marriage of an ill-assorted couple gives rise to most of the incidents in Mr. Verey's book, the title of which is almost as puzzling as its moral purpose. Its hero, a Mr. Irving, who relates in person the story of his life, chooses as his wife a lady who is in every way unsuited to him. He is a somewhat commonplace and self-satisfied manufacturer, fond of reading and other intellectual enjoyments, and caring more for the light of his own fireside than the glare of fashionable society. She does not take the least interest in his pursuits, whether literary or commercial, is perfectly indifferent to the charms of mental improvement, and gives herself up entirely to the agreeable task of shining in the frivolous circles which her husband despises. He soon discovers that he has made a mistake, but, as the beauty for which he married her does not diminish, he puts up with the uncongeniality of her spirit and the eccentricity of her behaviour until he suspects that she has been false to him. The suspicion, which eventually becomes a certainty, naturally separates the husband and wife. She goes on the stage, achieves a brilliant success, and amuses herself by teasing poor Mr. Irving,—at one time announcing her death in the papers, at another suddenly appearing before him while he is thoroughly enjoying himself in the society of a young lady who is exactly fitted to make his life happy. Mrs. Irving's behaviour to her husband on such occasions is not badly described, there being some originality about her air of utter shamelessness; but it is not very probable, and it is difficult to imagine how a man could submit so tamely to insult as poor Mr. Irving does. Eventually, of course, all goes well; the bad woman dies, and the good one marries the hero; but, in spite of this moral termination, it is doubtful whether anyone will be much the better for having read Mr. Verey's story.

In spite of the brace of masculine names on its title-page, "Noel" is eminently a woman's book. Its heroes are impostors, but its heroines are genuine and pleasant, and if there is a little too much sermonizing in its pages, we may forgive the fault, in consideration of the good feeling and enthusiasm of which it bears the impress. Noel Elliott is a rich landed proprietor, of perfectly inhuman excellence, who is in love with the heroine, Joanna Wallstein. Joanna is a complete chrysolite of virtuous beauty, and companion to a mysterious lady, Mary Morton, who plays the part of a puzzle to her neighbours. Everyone longs to find out who Lady Mary is, or was, but nobody succeeds; the idea of looking her out in a "Peerage" never occurring to the rustic mind. The chief interest of the story turns upon the attempt to win Joanna's hand and heart, made by a villainous dragoon, named Dalzell, whose love, when rejected, turns to hate, expressing itself in such words as—"Madam, I leave you, but you shall repent having ventured to use such a tone with me." Nor does he confine himself to words, for he indulges in forgeries and other disgraceful proceedings, till even the excellent Mr. Elliott is vexed into publicly horsewhipping him; after which unpleasant incident, he passes from bad to worse, and is terribly punished by the relentless novelists. Meanwhile, Mr. Noel reaps the reward of his goodness, and the story ends with a perfect swirl of marriage muslins. Before its close, Lady Mary finds a long-lost husband in a Major Manyacre, who has figured in various parts of the book as an excellent, but sorrow-laden, officer. A misunderstanding had separated him from his wife, and when he accidentally met her in the first volume, "his brows contracted, his eyes darting a glance like consuming fire; his lip curling with bitter contempt—altogether, he looked demoniacal." However, he turns out to be better than he then looked, and, the misunderstanding being well cleared up and annihilated, he returns to his loving wife, who, "at forty-five, was adorned with a more spiritual beauty than had rendered her the belle of every assembly" as a girl. Youth, indeed, is not considered by our authors a necessity for a heroine, for one of their pleasantest characters is thirty-five before she is introduced to their readers. Margaret Elliot, the lady in question, forms the subject of a very pretty sketch, and the story of her courtship and her engagement to a crotchety, middle-aged philosopher, is told with a good deal of delicacy and feeling. The book is one which is especially suited to young ladies of an enthusiastic temperament, but of a well-regulated mind, and a decided taste for poetry. It is not very strong nor very wise; but there are many which are less agreeable.

"Rose Aylmer's Home" is as wildly improbable a story as the most romantic reader could wish to meet with, but it is not badly told. Its author certainly does not trouble himself with doubts as to whether his incidents are such as are likely to have happened; but he—or rather she—writes with a good deal of force, and sometimes with a fair amount of humour. Rose Aylmer has very little to do with the story, though it is called after her, and her "home" is entirely beside the purpose. Her brother, however, is its leading villain, and he is certainly a notable specimen of the well-known class characterized by bigamous tendencies. He passes himself off, first as a sanctified religionist, afterwards as a baron, and under the cover of each disguise he works terrible deeds of darkness. Falling desperately in love with a housemaid in his father's service, he secretly marries her, and lives happily with her for a time. Then he grows tired of her insipid beauty and ignorance of grammar, and a great passion seizes him for Alice Hilary, the heroine of the story. Accordingly he takes advantage of the extraordinary likeness which exists between himself and a Lord Dungarret, gets himself introduced under that nobleman's name to Miss Hilary, and soon induces her to marry him. The happy couple set off by steamer for Rotterdam, and arrive in that city after an exceedingly bad passage. Meantime, the sister of the real Mrs. Aylmer has made Alice's friends acquainted with his conduct, and they discover to their horror that Miss Hilary has been carried off by one who, at the time of his marriage to her, was a married commoner instead of a bachelor baron. Away they all rush to Rotterdam, in hopes of being in time to rescue Alice from the bigamist. A noble-hearted skipper of a Newcastle collier is found, who gallantly braves the storm, and gives chase to the steamer in his proverbially speedy craft. An exciting race takes place, and the rescuers happily find their hopes realized. Alice is saved from her impending fate, and Mr. Aylmer is taken home to his father's house, to be there admonished in the kindest manner, but with the least possible effect. So little, indeed, does he profit by what he hears, that he meditates fresh deeds of villainy, and is prevented by accident alone from perpetrating them. A Mr. Iveson, who has loved Alice from the day when he first saw her, and who has acted the part of a brother to her in all her troubles, is at length rewarded by gaining her love, and he is on the point of marrying her. News of this comes to Aylmer's ears, and he starts, with loaded pistols in his pocket, for the church where the ceremony is to take place. There is a pause of agonizing suspense, and then the reader is gratified by seeing the villain blown up, while the honest man passes happily into matrimony. A more absurd character and career than Aylmer's it is difficult to imagine, and Iveson is far too excellent and self-sacrificing to be real; but the heroine is pleasantly described, and several of the other female personages, especially one Mahala, an unjust serving-woman, are cleverly sketched off.

"Fairy Alice" is one of those books which are apt to irritate the unwary reader who takes them up in ignorance of their real character. The story is a mere vehicle invented for the purpose of reintroducing to the public a flock of stray articles unprofitably dispersed in back numbers of magazines. Alice is a fairylike child whose lungs become so affected that her friends are obliged to tell her stories which have appeared at various times in *All the Year Round*, and which possess sufficient animation to keep her alive through two volumes. But with the last chapter her strength fails her, and when the author has exhausted his stock of available copy, he finds himself obliged to put an end to her brief existence. The story of her malady and death is prettily told, and much artistic skill is manifested in the alternation of the lights and shadows as the flame of her fading life flickers, to be ultimately snuffed out for want of another article.

THE MAGAZINES.

"MANNAHATTA" is the title of the opening article in this month's *Fraser*. It is a chatty paper by an American on the past and present of New York, which was called Mannahtta by the Indians; and is amusing, though somewhat devoid of substance. Part II. of the "Reminiscences of the Court and Times of the Emperor Paul I. of Russia, from the Papers of a Deceased Russian General Officer," contains some very interesting particulars of the reign of that strange, mad despot. The Russian officer denies the truth of the prevalent impression that Paul was "a man divested of every amiable quality, always morose, always touchy, very suspicious and resentful." On the contrary, he maintains, and quotes some personal recollections in support of his assertion, that "he could understand and enjoy a joke as well as any one, provided it did not proceed from ill-will towards him, or any similar motive." Indeed, while admitting that Paul was very irascible, and that "many afflicting occurrences" arose out of this failing, he gives him on the whole a very high character for honesty, ability, patriotism, piety, and love of truth. We are assured that he was a gentleman, and a man of chivalrous instincts; and a story is told of his romantic generosity on a very tender occasion, though it should be added that subsequent circumstances gave a very different colour to his conduct in the affair. The most important part of the article, however, is that which refers to the assassination of the Emperor. The writer was the colonel in command of a regiment stationed at the palace on the night of the murder; and he appends a singular account of the complicity of the Arch-dukes Alexander and Constantine in the conspiracy which resulted in Paul's death. From these dismal reminiscences we pass to a sensible essay—"On Lessening the Irksomeness of Elementary Instruction," and to another "On Rifle Shooting," which, being full of

technicalities, we hand over to the learned in such matters. "Abigail" is a pleasantly-told story, and the lovers of Northern poetry will be interested in Sir Edmund Head's "Free Translation from the Icelandic of the 'Edda,'" though, for our own part, we must say that it strikes us as common-place in treatment, and wanting in power and picturesqueness. "The Priest in the Congregation" contains some very good hints, and the following passage certainly knocks an important nail on the head very cleverly:—"Some, who cry out noisily against liberal ornament in architecture and ritual as sensuous, are often themselves most luxurious in their devotion, and histrionic in their devotional arrangements. What, in its way, can be more sensual than the carpeted pew, with its cushions and hassocks, stuffed by cunning artificers, who study how to make the posture of prayer pleasant? and, however much the soul may be pricked, take care to surround the body with the soft touches of domestic upholstery. The really comfortable pew, which applies horsehair to the penitent's person, not in the shape of sackcloth, but of squabs—the pew where the Pharisee may call himself a miserable sinner at his ease, and take his pinch of snuff apart from the Publicans in the middle aisle—is perhaps the most sensual structure ever raised in a church." In the final article—"Some Passages from the History of the Chomley Family," founded on private documents—we have several curious particulars of old times and manners.

Probably the article in *Macmillan* which will be most read is the final one, by Mr. John C. Deane, consisting of his diary, written on board the *Great Eastern*, in which he records the principal incidents of the Atlantic Telegraph Expedition. The interest of this narrative is to some extent spoiled by the previous publication of Dr. Howard Russell's account, with which in many respects it closely tallies; but it is nevertheless a valuable document. "The expedition of 1865," writes Mr. Deane, "has proved, not only the practicability of laying a cable, but a fact of very great importance to all interested in ocean telegraphy—namely, that it can be picked up from a depth of two nautical miles. Already there has been expended, up to the present moment, in Atlantic Telegraph expeditions, a sum not less than £1,162,820, of which, in round numbers, England has contributed the million, and America has found the rest. The present cable, which cost £700,000, has been two-thirds laid, and that it can be recovered, and taken to its destination in Heart's Content, is the conclusion at which the practical men engaged in the expedition have arrived. . . . Beyond all doubt, the protector was pierced through, and the core was wounded; but still the cable has so many other admirable qualities, particularly in its flexibility for paying out, and its general strength, that those interested may hesitate before they abandon the form which has been approved by the scientific committee. Possibly it may be thought desirable to strand the solid wires, and thus give additional protection. . . . Englishmen, at all events, are not accustomed to be beaten in any enterprise they take up, and nothing has occurred in the Atlantic Telegraph expedition of 1865 to create doubt as to ultimate success." The usefulness of the article is increased by two charts—facsimiles of those lithographed and printed on board the vessel;—the first showing the track of the *Great Eastern*, with the soundings, the daily latitude and longitude, the distance run, and the number of miles of cable paid out; the second indicating the positions of the *Great Eastern* when trying to recover the end of the cable. The other contents of the present number of *Macmillan* are—a very careful and intelligent review of Mr. Palgrave's *Travels in Arabia*, in which some of the author's views are combated; a paper by Dr. James Hamilton on "Erasmus in England," in continuation of a previous article on the great Dutch reformer, and presenting some lively sketches of English scholars nearly four hundred years ago; a picturesque account of Galway, by Professor D'Arcy W. Thompson; a poem, "Macdonald of Sleat," founded on the legend which Mr. Alexander Smith tells in his "Summer in Skye," and which we quoted from that work last week; and the two continuous stories.

"The Atlantic Telegraph" also forms the subject of an article in the *Cornhill*, the writer of which remarks, "What has yet to be proved, after all, is whether the cable can be taken up from the bottom to the surface, and secured on board the vessel." The paper on "Induction and Deduction" will attract attention, if only by the fact of its having the name of Justus von Liebig at the bottom: it is, however, in itself a very interesting treatise on an abstruse subject, considered in relation to scientific discovery. "My Persecutors" is an article by a working man on the annoyances to which he is subjected by other working men because he refuses to sign "the pledge." The paper is smartly written, in the style with which *Household Words* and *All the Year Round* have made us so familiar; and, were it not for the express assurance of the Editor, we should have supposed it had been written by some regular literary "hand." A good summary of the Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini—one of the most singular books of a singular class—follows; and the essays on "Harvest" and "The Social History of the Navy" are both entertaining—the latter being full of anecdote and portraiture.

The *Dublin University* opens with a thoughtful paper, entitled "The Twilight of Faith, or Foreshadowings of Christianity in the Writings of Plato"—a "foreshadowing" which has often before been indicated in a general way, but which is here made manifest by specific quotation and parallel passages. We are promised a second part of this study, which we anticipate with interest. "Mad Men of Letters" is a pleasant piece of gossip, though wanting in depth, and in some instances, perhaps, pushing matters rather too far; and equally agreeable is the article on "The Pioneers and Patriarchs of Invention." "The Grand Tour" presents us with some pictures of Russian life in remote Muscovite cities; and the number concludes with a political criticism on "The New Parliament," written in a moderately Liberal and decidedly Protestant tone.

The *Englishman's Magazine* contains a great many continued articles, the general features of which we have indicated in previous notices: the essays complete in themselves are "Medieval Book-making," "Arabic Legends," "Wesleyanism in the Church of England," and "Parochial Sisterhoods." Of what the writer of the third

of these papers calls "Wesleyanism" a very severe account is given; but it should be recollected that this Magazine is decidedly "High Church" in its views. "It cannot be denied," says the article, "that the tendency of Wesleyanism, which may be characterized as a craving for results immediate and palpable, is at work at the present time beyond the pale of that sect, and fraught with dangers which are all the greater for being latent and below the surface." The "Parochial Sisterhoods" are, as might be expected, highly commended, and the reader is warned not to regard the sisters as "nuns." "The Sister of Charity is not an ascetic, but, so far as eating, drinking, and sleeping are concerned, she lives very much the same kind of life as any religious woman would do whose lot was cast in the world. The chief difference between her life and that of others consists in this—that she lives with those whose pursuits are identical with her own, and that she gives herself up entirely to charitable work in obedience to the direction of the Superior for the time being of the Community to which she belongs." The article on "Arabic Legends" introduces us to many quaint old stories; and the particulars with respect to "Medieval Bookmaking" will enchant all bibliopoles.

The *Month* has its usual array of articles suitable to the tastes of its Roman Catholic readers, and a paper—"Egypt in the British Museum"—which we commend to the Egyptologists. In the *Victoria Magazine*, Professor Edouard Laboulaye's work on "The Civil and Political Status of the Female Sex" is continued, and under the title of "A Good Work," in which Any One and Every One may have a Hand," the authoress of "Scattered Seeds" supplies an account of the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond-street. The *British Army and Navy Review* has given up its gaudy red and blue cover, and appears this month in a sober suit of pale brown, without any devices beyond the Royal arms. In addition to its articles on subjects connected with the two services, it now gives reviews of books (both English and foreign) specially interesting to naval and military men; and, among the papers of a more general character this month, must be noted one on "Malta in the Eighteenth Century." Mr. Sala's "Streets of the World" sketch in *Temple Bar* describes Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, and heavy are the vials of contempt which the writer pours on the capital of the Union, though he acknowledges that it contains a few fine buildings in the midst of its general dirt and ugliness. The *St. James's Magazine* puts forth the opening chapters of the indefatigable Miss Braddon's new novel "The Lady's Mile," which commences with a very animated picture of the "mile" in question. *Good Words* is always full of excellent matter, and this month, besides Mr. Kingsley's historical romance, called "Hereward, the Last of the English," Sir John Herschel's papers "On Light," and other serials, we have some very readable articles on "Orkney and the Orcadians,"—on "Isaac Taylor," the late writer on ecclesiastical polity, whose contributions to this Magazine are doubtless remembered by its readers with pleasure,—on "The Churches of France," by Dean Alford,—and on "Sir John Malcolm," one of our great Indian heroes, by Mr. J. W. Kaye. The *Sunday Magazine* likewise boasts a goodly array of articles, bearing a religious stamp; but the illustrations are, for our thinking, for the most part detestable.

We have also received the *Eclectic*, the *Sixpenny Magazine*, the *Day of Rest*, *Our Own Fireside*, *Routledge's Magazine for Boys*, *Merry and Wise*, the *Musical Monthly*, and the *Colonial Church Chronicle*, *Missionary Journal* and *Foreign Ecclesiastical Reporter*.

SHORT NOTICES.

How we are Governed; or, the Crown, the Senate, and the Bench. By Albany Fonblanque, Jun. Revised to Present Date by W. A. Holdsworth. (Warne & Co.)—Some few years have elapsed since the first publication of this excellent "Handbook of the Constitution, Government, Laws, and Power of Great Britain." The work at once took a place as a most useful compendium of information with respect to matters of which no Englishman should be ignorant, though it is to be feared that many who are supposed to be well-educated know very little of the working of those institutions under which they live. "How we are Governed" is written in the form of letters to the author's son, and the style is therefore clear and simple, and not overloaded with technicalities; yet it is in no respect childish, and the book is such as any man requiring fuller knowledge than he possesses of the subjects discussed might read with pleasure and advantage. Mr. Fonblanque, Junior, has done good service by the compilation of this work; and the revision of the present issue could not have been in better hands than those of Mr. Holdsworth. We are glad to see the volume republished at the moderate price of One Shilling. It should be read in all schools, and perhaps some Members of Parliament would not be the worse for perusing it.

The Students' English Dictionary, Etymological, Pronouncing, and Explanatory. By John Ogilvie, LL.D., Editor of the "Imperial" and the "Comprehensive" Dictionaries. (Blackie & Son.)—The present Dictionary of the English Language is based on the "Comprehensive" Dictionary, as that was on the "Imperial." It is contained in one thick, square volume, the page divided into three columns, and the type small, but beautifully clear. The wood-cut illustrations are about three hundred in number, and add greatly to the reader's comprehension of the various subjects with which they are associated. The pronunciation has been adapted to modern usage by Mr. Richard Cull, F.S.A.; and, in the departments of etymology and definition, the words have been traced to their ultimate sources, the root or primary meaning has been inserted, and the other meanings are given fully, according to ordinary usage. The work is calculated to be most useful. When we recollect the popular Dictionaries with which we had at one time to put up, we cannot but regard the present as a wonderful triumph of industry and research.

Diarrhoea and Cholera: their Origin, Proximate Cause, and Cure, through the Agency of the Nervous System, by Means of Ice. By John Chapman, M.D., &c. (Trübner & Co.)—*The Cattle Plague: with*

Suggestions for its Treatment by Homœopathy. By James Moore, M.R.C.V.S., Author of "Outlines of Veterinary Homœopathy." (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.)—It would be hard to say, at the present moment, whether our fears are more aroused by cholera or the cattle plague. There can be no doubt that both are very serious sources of peril to the community, and it is desirable that we should hear all that can be said on either subject by those who are competent to speak with authority. The two pamphlets before us demand attention in the existing crisis, and will no doubt receive it. In the opinion of Dr. Chapman, the application of ice to the spine is the most powerful remedy in the case of diarrhoea; while, for the cattle distemper, Mr. Moore highly recommends homœopathy. Both gentlemen relate special instances of cures effected by them; but, of course, the subjects are such as we cannot pretend to discuss.

Tales Uncle Told. (Longman & Co.)—We have here a small collection of short stories for children—some of them allegorical, others of a more matter-of-fact character. They are for the most part rather prettily told, and will probably be found interesting by young readers; but the first of them—"The Story of the Iron Post"—is a little too sentimental for girls and boys, and a great deal too simple for any one. The small sketches illustrating the tales are well done, though not quite sufficiently worked out.

Mistresses and Servants. By "Internuncio." (Shaw & Co.)—The difficult question as to the respective faults of mistresses and servants is treated with great good sense in this pamphlet. The author is not a partizan nor an enemy of either side, and the suggestions made are therefore free from bias.

We have also received *Literary Recreations*, by H. V. Z., a compositor, printed by the author at the Rabere Press;—*Susan's First Place*, edited by the Rev. William Mitchell, M.A. (J. H. & J. Parker), a little religious tale for persons in humble life;—*Manuscript Arithmetic, Progressive and Practical*, for use in all Schools, Public and Private, specially adapted to Standards IV., V., and VI. of the Revised Code, by a School Manager (Murby);—*The Ready Writer*, a course of Graduated Narrative Copy-books, by Henry Combes, E. T. Stevens, and Charles Hole (Longmans);—*Speech delivered by the Hon. Joseph Howe at the Detroit Convention on the Commercial Relations of Great Britain and the United States, August 14, 1865* (Stanford);—No. III. of *Photographs of Eminent Medical Men of All Countries* (Churchill & Sons);—Part XXX. of Mr. Watts's new edition of Dr. Ure's *Dictionary of Chemistry* (Longmans);—*Bacon's Chart of the Atlantic Telegraph* (Bacon & Co.), containing in a compact form a history of telegraphy, a description of the old and new cables, maps, engravings, diagrams, &c.;—Vol. VIII., completing the work, of the new edition of Mr. Merivale's *History of the Romans under the Empire* (Longmans);—Vol. VI., also completing the series, of *The Theological Works of the late John Howard Hinton, M.A.* (Houlston & Wright);—cheap editions of *Paul Foster's Daughter*, by Dutton Cook (Sampson Low & Co.), and of *Nothing but Money* (Routledge & Sons);—four one shilling volumes of Messrs. Warne & Co.'s "Companion Library," consisting of neatly-printed stories in bright covers;—and from the same firm two volumes of their "Household Books," viz., *Common Shells of the Sea-shore*, by the Rev. J. G. Wood, with plates by Sowerby, and *Common Sea-Weeds*, by Mrs. Lane Clarke—both published at a shilling.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE ably-conducted *American Literary Gazette* has, we think, made a slight mistake in a recent article on the effects of good dinners. It says:—"Napoleon used to tell everybody he placed in important offices, 'Mind you give good dinners!' Talleyrand's parting words to diplomatists were, 'No zeal, and plenty of dinners.'" These remarks are all very well, and most probably very true, as but few of us are entirely proof against a well-spread table; but what follows will, we conceive, be scarcely endorsed by the booksellers and publishers of Paternoster-row. The writer says:—"Ask anybody in England, or on the Continent, connected with American literature for the last thirty years, when was trade best? They'll fetch a deep-drawn sigh and say, 'The trade has never been worth that! since George P. Putnam's day. Oh! Putnam's London dinners!' and then they will fall into a fit of musing, and think over the bills of fare Putnam used to spread for the diffusion of useful knowledge. No literature is good eating! Why, 'Paradise Lost' is nothing but dinners, cake, and tea metamorphosed into blank verse." Now, this may be very funny, but it is not true. We undertake to say that there are now ten, if not twenty, times as many American books imported as there were in the old days of Wiley and Putnam, twenty years ago. Perhaps, if Mr. Putnam had given fewer dinners, he would have sold more books.

Mr. WILLIAM TEGG, the publisher, writes to us to say that we were in error in supposing that the late Mr. Thomas Tegg was the publisher of "The Boys' Own Book" of some thirty years ago, and to state that no portion of that work is embodied in "The Boys' Holiday Book," which we noticed last week. As regards the illustrations to the latter work, we are informed that, with the exception of three, they were all engraved for the present edition; and the letter-press, it is added, is quite original.

We have sometimes felt called on to criticise rather severely the slovenly and characterless illustrations to *Our Mutual Friend*. Occasionally, however, Mr. Marcus Stone shows that there is excellent stuff in him; and the two sketches in the last number are so good that they ought not to be passed over. In "The Parting by the River," the drooping figure of poor Lizzie Hexam is very gracefully and touchingly drawn; and there is a picturesque suggestion of flat marshy scenery, though it is not sufficiently worked out. The other illustration—"Better to be Abel than Cain"—is exceedingly powerful, the grovelling figure of Bradley Headstone being especially admirable, and the still-life appropriate and effective, with one exception—the grinning face

arbitrarily made out of the open work in the back of a chair. What could have persuaded Mr. Stone to introduce an element of the grotesque and ludicrous into so tragical a scene?

Does the reader remember, any time during the past two years, walking down Bear-street, Leicester-square, and noticing in a small shop window—on the right as you go to St. Martin's Court—some wild dashing sketches in colours, with the signature of Ernest Griest at the foot? The drawings were too vigorous not to attract the attention of all passers by, and a crowd generally occupied the pavement. The shop was an old book store, with seedy volumes in delightful confusion on every hand, and a gloomy attendant in the recess behind, waiting to pounce out on the first comer. The pictures in the window were 1s., 2s., and sometimes 2s. 6d., and the legend in the neighbourhood was that a strange figure appeared at night—a wild political Frenchman, dressed anyhow, one account stated—deposited a fresh portfolio of drawings, and then vanished up the court opposite to be seen no more until the following evening. Be this as it may, numbers of persons have sought to find out the man, but no one is known to have succeeded until recently, when a gentleman ascertained his whereabouts, and commissioned him to prepare a series of humorous sketches. These pictures, illustrative of the wonderful career of three English sailors, are about to be published with the clever Munchausen story which has been written to accompany them by Mr. Greenwood.

It is rumoured that another of the dingy old warehouses in Paternoster-row will shortly be cleared away, and that in its place the Messrs. HAMILTON, ADAMS, & Co. will erect handsome and commodious premises for their extensive book business.

Mr. Swinburne's new poem is in type, but the day of publication has not yet been decided on. The title of the work is "Chastelard," and the nature of it, a dramatic poem. The five acts have these titles:—I. Mary Barton; II. Darnley; III. The Queen; IV. Murray; V. Chastelard. Friends who have been permitted to look over the sheets assert that the admirers of "Atalanta in Calydon" will not be disappointed at Mr. Swinburne's new book.

As items of literary "fashionable intelligence," we may mention that Mr. Carlyle has returned to town; that Lord Houghton, with a great many professors and literary notabilities, is at Birmingham, attending the meetings of the British Association; and that Mr. Tennyson is at the present moment on a tour in Switzerland.

From a private communication we learn that Gustave Doré has nearly completed his wonderful designs for the French Bible which the Messrs. HACHETTE are preparing. His pictures of the more remarkable scenes in Old Testament, such as the "Flight of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden," "Cain and Abel," the "Plagues of Egypt," the "Passage of the Children of Israel through the Dead Sea, and the Destruction of Pharaoh and his Host," "Moses on the Mountain," "David and Goliath," the "Blind Samson breaking the Pillars of the Temple," "Elijah," &c., are grand in the extreme, some of them almost too terrible as illustrations to that book which, of all volumes, is the most sensitive to exaggeration in pictorial display. Some of the illustrations, from their peculiar treatment—so different from anything that we have been accustomed to heretofore—seem at first sight almost as caricatures of the text; but a little study will soon convince the beholder that no such intention occupied the mind of the designer. M. Doré has viewed the several passages from his own stand-point, and his Adam, Cain, Moses, Samson, Goliath, and other prominent personages, are portrayed with more than the usual vigour of his weird pencil. On the whole, the illustrations more closely resemble the extraordinary designs of John Martin—whose brother, a religious lunatic, set fire to York Minster—than any other designs we are acquainted with.

Of the "Farrington edition" of Tennyson's Poems, lately published by Messrs. TICKNOR & FIELDS, at Boston, the following particulars have just come to hand:—It is printed upon heavy-tinted paper of the finest quality, and bound in cloth of a neat and handsome pattern. It contains a new portrait of the poet—by far the best yet done—and three steel plates. The edition is complete, containing all the poems included in previous volumes. As we have remarked on other occasions, American publishers have made wonderful strides of late years in the art of producing handsome books.

A paragraph in a French newspaper informs us that Madame Victor Hugo is at the present moment in Paris, occupied with the formalities necessary for the marriage of her son Charles.

Those of our readers who may have seen at the Adelphi Mr. John Hollingshead's farce of "The Birthplace of Podgers" will gather from the following paragraph that the plots of such pieces of wild dramatic fun are not always founded solely on fiction:—At Wakefield, a few days ago, some German gentlemen called at the vicar's, and asked for permission to view the house and grounds. It was accorded, not without surprise at a request so unusual. When the compatriots of Goethe and Schiller had satisfied their curiosity, and had departed, it transpired that they had made a pilgrimage, as they believed, to the scene of Oliver Goldsmith's story, and that the vicarage was to them endeared by associations with Dr. Primrose, Olivia, Sophia, and Moses. May the enthusiastic Germans never be undeceived and disenchanted!

As some confirmation of our recent statement that the demand for rare English books is rapidly on the increase in the United States, we may mention that Mr. J. Payne Collier's recently-printed, but almost privately-circulated—so small is the demand here for such a work—"Bibliographical and Critical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language," is about to be reprinted in New York.

An English author, lately returned from France, thus writes concerning the introduction of our great public-school game of cricket over there:—"The game appears to be making progress in France, if we may judge from the appearance of articles and publications on the subject in that country. It may be remarked, however, that the right spelling of the word does not seem to be quite settled. Galignani also tells us that a series of matches of an international character have just been played at Hombourg-les-Bains, and that the administration invited three 'elevens,' consisting of gentlemen who represent cricket in England, France, and Germany, to meet on the lovely grounds of the Cursaal. On the whole, however, it may be doubted whether this

essentially English game will find a permanent home on the Continent. It appears, indeed, to be too rough and violent an amusement to be regarded with favour by paternal governments. So, at least, I infer from the complaint of an English friend in Paris, a member of a cricket club lately formed in that city, who finds it embarrassing to play under the eye of an inevitable gendarme, who, ever and anon, feels it his duty to caution 'crack' bowlers in the 'overhand' style with the cry of 'Pas si fort, monsieur, s'il vous plaît; pas si fort!'

It is stated that the latest exhibition of the Royal Academy was the most profitable yet known, the receipts being upwards of £13,000, an advance of more than £700 on the profits of last year, and of nearly £3,000 on the amount received in 1862.

A distinguished member of the Philobiblon Society has recently presented to the forty or fifty gentlemen composing this printing club "An Account of an Annual Religious Ceremony practised by the Mandan Tribe of North American Indians." Many years ago, this "account" was written by Mr. George Catlin, the well-known author of an important work on the Indians. Although the volume only extends to 50 pages, its contents appear to be of an extremely curious character, as the following analysis of it from the *Oriental Record* will show:—"The readers of Mr. Catlin's interesting works on Indian life will remember with what enthusiasm he speaks of the Mandan Indians, a tribe which, in all manly, noble qualities, as well as in physical characteristics, was foremost among the Indians of North America. Mr. Catlin's personal recollections of the tribe—now, alas! nearly extinct—his friends have often listened to with interest, and have not failed to mark the emotion which he displays when recalling some heroic traits of a people with whom he was for a time an honoured guest. Indeed, to his popularity with them do we owe this description of a ceremony never before witnessed by white men, and which in its details is so strange and peculiar, so marvellous a mixture of savage with the traditions and logical sequences of civilized life that, but for the well-known truthful character of the narrator, belief in its truthfulness would be wanting. It would be impossible in this place to enter fully into details; but we briefly summarize the contents. The ceremony has its origin in the Mandan tradition of the flood, and in this ceremony they celebrate the subsidence of the waters, which in their language they term '*Me-ne-roka-ha-sha*,' that is, the sinking down or settling of the waters. The details of this tradition of the Deluge scattered through the little work are of great interest. Thus, Catlin refers to the '*Ark, or Big Canoe*,' which is supposed to be preserved in the medicine lodge of the village, and is considered a sacred object. He states that, in the neighbourhood of this, as well as in that of every Indian tribe he has visited, some high mountain is pointed out as that on which the '*Big Canoe*' landed. Though the Mandans had no other method of computing time than by 'moons' and 'snows,' we need not wonder at the surprise he felt, after inquiring when the ceremony would commence, on receiving for reply 'As soon as the willow leaves are full grown under the bank of the river.' 'What,' asked he, 'has the willow to do with the matter?' 'The twig which the medicine bird brought home was a willow bough, and had full-grown leaves upon it;' and, on pursuing his investigation as to the precise character of the bird of which his informant spoke, a couple of turtle-doves were pointed out to him as the Great Spirit, mystery, or medicine birds. What a singular comment upon the usefulness of that part of the Mosiac narrative this presents! The dread which this tradition of the Deluge excited seems to have suggested the careful observation of buffalo propagation, and hence one part of the ceremonies consists in a bull dance, to the strict observance of which they attributed the coming of buffaloes to supply them with food during the season. . . . The minute traditions of the deluge to which we have adverted are not the only startling peculiarities in this work. Mr. Catlin appends a narrative, tradition, or fable, which seems to us to betoken a confused idea as to the miraculous conception and life of Christ. In it we have a virgin giving birth to a son, and declaring her innocence of any immoral action,—a grand search for the child, through which nations were saved from starvation,—and the destruction of the child by the influence of the Holy Spirit."

A very important sale of 60,000 engraved music plates and copyrights, the property of Messrs. Addison and Lucas, the well-known music publishers, of Regent-street, will be commenced next week, by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson. The sale will extend to eight days, and, as many thousand pounds' worth of property will be disposed of, a goodly number of purchasers will be attracted to Leicester-square. Conspicuous amongst the names of composers and others in the catalogue are those of Balfe, Calcott, Costa, Benedict, Hatton, Donizetti, Rossini, Wallace, Mendelssohn, Bennett, and many others familiar to lovers of music.

A Mr. Charles Barwell Coles has produced a book of verses which should find a very respectable support amongst grocers. The title is "Tea, a Poem." Messrs. LONGMAN & Co. are the publishers. Although the subject seems an insufficient one for an entire volume, yet this is not by any means the first book of verses solely devoted to tea. Almost every nation in Europe has contributed, at one time or another, a long poem upon this subject; and, from first to last (1645 to the present time), there have appeared 150 printed works solely devoted to tea in all its respects.

The announcement that Mr. J. Heneage Jesse is busily engaged preparing, from "inedited" and hitherto inaccessible sources, a "Life of George III."—a period of history which is also at the present moment engaging the attention of Mr. William Massey, M.P., with a view to a "history"—the *Publishers' Circular* appends the following:—"Appropos of this announcement, we may, perhaps, be permitted to ask why unpublished documents are always called 'inedited.' The term is a Gallicism; but, in its own country, it is used perfectly correctly, signifying unpublished. In English, if it means anything, it means not edited; but the word 'edited' has, with us, long lost its derivative meaning, and come to signify merely prepared for publication."

Mr. T. J. Gullick, who some time since wrote, in conjunction with Mr. John Timbs, a small hand-book to painting, is about to issue, at

Messrs. BRADBURY & EVANS's, a descriptive catalogue or "Hand-book to the national pictures in the Westminster Palace."

Messrs. LONGMAN & Co. have announced a great number of new books as in preparation. Amongst others may be mentioned "On the Truth of Christianity," compiled from the writings of Archbishop Whately, introduction by R. Barclay, and edited by Bishop Hinds; "Iron Shipbuilding, its History and Progress," by William Fairbairn, C.E.; "The Formation, Management in Health and Disease, and Training of the Thorough-bred Horse," by Digby Collins; "The Treasury of Botany," on the plan of "Maudslayi's Popular Treasures," by J. Lindley, F.R.S., and T. Moore, F.L.S., assisted by eminent practical botanists; "Manual of Materia Medica and Therapeutics," abridged from Dr. Pereira's "Elements," by F. J. Farre, M.D., assisted by R. Bentley, M.R.C.S., and R. Warrington, F.R.S.; "Journal and Correspondence of Miss Berry," edited, with introduction and notes, by Lady Theresa Lewis; "The Life of Man Symbolized by the Months of the Year," the text selected by R. Pigot, with many hundred woodcut illustrations from original designs by John Leighton, F.S.A.; "Transylvania, its Products and its People," by Charles Boner; "The Amulet, a Tale of Spanish California," reprinted from *Fraser's Magazine*; "The Iliad of Homer," translated into English blank verse, by Ichabod C. Wright, M.A., Part IV., also Vol. II., and the work complete in two vols.; "The Temporal Mission of the Holy Spirit, or Reason and Revelation," by the Right Rev. H. E. Manning, D.D., 8vo.; "Occasional Essays," by Charles Wren Hoskyns, author of "Talpa"; "Chapters on Language," by F. W. Farrar, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; Mozart's Letters, edited by Dr. Nohl, and translated by Lady Wallace; "Chess Problems," by F. Healey, being a Selection of Two Hundred of Mr. Healey's best Positions, with the Solutions; "History of England during the Reign of George III., by William Massey, M.P.—cabinet edition to be published monthly, and completed in 4 vols. post 8vo.; "Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals," by Richard Owen, F.R.S.; "Dictionary of Practical Medicine," by James Copeland, M.D., abridged from the larger work of the author, assisted by J. C. Copeland, M.R.C.S.; and "Drawing from Nature," by George Barnard, Professor of Drawing at Rugby School.

Mr. JOHN MURRAY has in the press the "Students' Manual of Old Testament History" and the "Students' Manual of the New Testament," both with maps and woodcuts.

Mr. ALEXANDER STRAHAN announces a new volume entitled "Meditations," by Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury.

Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, & Co. announce the following new works for publication during the autumn:—"Life and Letters of the late Rev. Fred. W. Robertson, M.A., of Brighton," with photographic portrait, two vols.; "Irish Coast Tales of Love and Adventure," by Captain L. Esmonde White, 8vo.; and "The Working Man in America, being the Results of Three Years' Experience of Life and Labour among the Working Classes of the United States during the War," by the Author of "Autobiography of a Beggar Boy." They also announce a new edition of Wilkie Collins's novels, in half-crown volumes, to be issued at intervals, of which "The Woman in White" is now ready. Cheap illustrated editions of George Eliot's "Romola," and Hawthorne's "Transformation, or the Romance of Monte Beni," are just ready; and the forthcoming volumes of the shilling series are to be "The School for Fathers, an Old English Story," by Talbot Gwynne; "Lena, or the Silent Woman," by the Author of "Mr. Arle," "Caste," &c.; "Beyminstro;" and "Paul Ferroll."

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Andrewes (Bp.), Selections from Sermons of. 12mo., 3s.
 Armstrong (R. and J.), Class Book English Literature. 12mo., 3s.
 Artemus Ward, his Book. New edit. 12mo., 1s.
 Beazeley (A.), Tables of Tangential Angles, &c., for Railway Curves, 3s. 6d.
 Bell's Poets.—Thomson. Vol. II. 12mo., 1s. and 1s. 6d.
 Berry (Rev. C.), Biographical Sketch, by John Hayden. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Bradburn (W.), Rosa; or, the Two Castles. 12mo., 1s.
 Brock (Mrs. Carey), Charity Helstone: a Tale. 12mo., 5s.
 Calendarium Genealogicum, Henry III. Edward I. 2 vols. Imp. 8vo., 30s.
 Collins (Mortimer), Who is the Heir? a Novel. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.
 Copland (Jas.), Dictionary of Practical Medicine Abridged. Royal 8vo., 36s.
 Dod's Parliamentary Companion. New edit. 32mo., 4s. 6d.
 Edgar (J. G.), Sea Kings and Naval Heroes. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
 Eggs and Poultry as a Source of Wealth. 12mo., 1s.
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 Irving (R.), Collected Works. 5 vols. 8vo., £3.
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 Karr (A.), Tour Round my Garden. New edit. 12mo., 5s.
 Long (Lady C.), First Lieutenant's Story. New edit. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
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 Moody (C.), Accidence of New Eton Greek Grammar. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
 Morris (F. O.), History of British Birds. Vol. IV. Post 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 O'Shea (H.), Guide to Spain. Post 8vo., 15s.
 Oxenden (A.), Parables of our Lord. 3rd edit. 12mo., 3s.
 Parker (J.), Wednesday Evenings at Cavendish Chapel. Post 8vo., 2s.
 Percy (T.), Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. New edit. 12mo., 5s.
 Pridaux (Mrs. F.), Claudia. 12mo., 5s.
 Romola, by George Eliot. New edit. Post 8vo., 6s.
 Sam Slick in England; or, Attaché. New edit. 12mo., 2s.
 Scott (Sir W.), Waverley Novels. New edit. Old Mortality. Vol. I. 4s. 6d.
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 Smith (B.), Key to School Class Book of Arithmetic. 12mo., 6s. 6d.
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 Tales that Uncle To d. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
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 ———, Caesar's Gallic War. 3rd edit. 12mo., 2s.
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 ———, Dempsey's Drainage of Towns and Buildings. 3rd edit. 2s. 6d.
 ———, Hughes (S.), Gas Works. 2nd edit. 3s.
 ———, Levy's History of Rome. Part III. 1s. 6d.
 Wilson (J. H.), The late Prince Consort. New edit. 12mo., 1s.
 Wood (J. G.), Illustrated Natural History. Vol. I. Royal 8vo., 19s.
 Woodward's First Lessons in Evidences of Christianity. 2nd edit. 19mo., 1s.

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Literary Gossip.
List of New Publications for the Week.

Post-office Orders to be made payable to ISAAC SEAMAN, Publisher, 11, Southampton-street, Strand, W.C.

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The MICHAELMAS TERM COMMENCES on Monday, September 18, 1865. In addition to the usual classes of the Institution, a junior department is now formed for elementary instruction, and pupils will be received in that branch of the establishment from the age of 10 years, at a great reduction of terms. Candidates for admission into either department must attend at the Institution for examination on Thursday, the 14th September, at 2 o'clock.

By order of the Committee of Management,

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Pupils are received in the Royal College of Chemistry (the Laboratory of the School), under the direction of Dr. Frankland, and in the Metallurgical Laboratory, under the direction of Dr. Percy.

Tickets to separate Courses of Lectures are issued at £3 and £4 each. Officers in the Queen's Service, Her Majesty's Consuls, acting Mining Agents and Managers, may obtain tickets at reduced prices.

Certificated Schoolmasters, Pupil Teachers, and others engaged in Education, are also admitted to the Lectures at reduced fees.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has granted two Scholarships, and several others have also been established.

For a Prospectus and information apply at the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn-street, London, S.W.

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GEOLOGY.—ELEMENTARY COLLECTIONS, to illustrate the new edition of "Lyell's Elements of Geology," and facilitate the study of Mineralogy and Geology, can be had at 2, 5, 10, 20, 50, to 500 guineas; also, single specimens of Minerals, Rocks, Fossils and Recent Shells, Geological Maps, Hammers, all the Recent Publications, &c., of J. TENNANT, Mineralogist to Her Majesty, 149, Strand, London.

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*Monthly Family Tickets.....	32s. 0d.	25s. 0d.	—
Weekly Tickets.....	25s. 0d.	20s. 0d.	15s. 0d.

LONDON TO ALDBOROUGH.

*Monthly Family Tickets.....	26s. 0d.	21s. 0d.	—
Weekly Tickets.....	25s. 0d.	20s. 0d.	15s. 0d.

LONDON TO HARWICH.

*Monthly Family Tickets.....	20s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	—
Weekly Tickets.....	17s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	8s. 6d.

Available by any train of corresponding class for Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Aldborough, and Harwich, via Colchester and Woodbridge only; and to Hunstanton via Cambridge.

* The Monthly Family Tickets are issued to family parties of not less than three persons. The time may be extended on the payment of a small per-centage at the seaside stations.

Extra tickets may also during the month be obtained at the seaside stations, to enable one member of each family party to travel to London and back at half the monthly family ticket fares.

A Special Fast Train, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class, leaves London for Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Aldborough, and Harwich, at 10 a.m.; and a Return Fast Train leaves Yarmouth at 9.50 a.m., and Lowestoft at 9.55 a.m., performing the journey each way in about 3½ hours.

For further information, address or apply to the Superintendent, Superintendent's Office, Bishopsgate Station, London.

By Order.

MADEIRA.—HOSPITAL for CONSUMPTION and DISEASES of the CHEST, BROMPTON.—The Committee of Management have the pleasure to announce that, through the kindness of some Friends in Madeira, they are prepared to afford Twenty Male Patients the privilege of passing the ensuing Winter in that salubrious climate. The expenses of the Patients out and home will be paid by the Hospital, and they will be received and provided for at Madeira by a Local Committee presided over by Captain Erskine, Her Majesty's Consul. Suitable cases will be selected by the Medical Committee, subject to the approval of the Committee of Management.

CONTRIBUTIONS are REQUESTED, as the arrangements organized in the Island lead to the hope that, if the proposed experiment prove successful, it may be continued, and permanently extend the benefits of this Charity.

PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Sec.

HENRY DOBBIN, Sec.

THE JOINT STOCK DISCOUNT COMPANY (LIMITED).
6 and 7, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street, London.

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL	£2,000,000
PAID UP	794,000
RESERVE FUND	30,000

DEPOSITS RECEIVED.

Repayable on demand	at 3 per cent. per annum.
Ditto at 7 days' notice	3½ " "
Ditto at 14 days' notice	4 " "

Special rates for money deposited for long periods.

Sept. 6, 1865.

GREAT NORTHERN CEMETERY AND FUNERAL COMPANY.—The Company undertake FUNERALS OF ALL CLASSES to their own or any other Cemetery at FIXED CHARGES.

Working Man's Funeral Complete £1 14s.
(Usually Charged £3. 10s.)

Other Funerals from £2. 15s. to £16. 16s., and upwards.

MORTUARY at the Company's PRIVATE RAILWAY STATION, York Road, King's Cross, for deposit of bodies FREE OF CHARGE.

Books of Prices and further particulars may be had of any of the Company's Agents, and at the

OFFICES: 122, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Constituted by Special Acts of Parliament. Established 1825.

GOVERNOR.—His Grace the Duke of BUCCLEUCH and QUEENSBERRY.

DEPUTY GOVERNOR.—The Right Honourable the Earl of ROSSLYN.

APPROACHING DIVISION OF PROFITS.

The Seventh Division of Profits is appointed to be made at 13th November, 1865, and all Policies now effected will participate.

The Fund to be divided will be the Profits since 15th November, 1860.

A Policy effected now will not only participate in this Division, but will secure one year's additional Bonus at all future Divisions over later Policies.

The Standard is one of the largest and most successful of the Life Assurance Institutions of Great Britain.

Its income is above HALF A MILLION sterling per annum, and its Invested funds exceed £3,000,000.

CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON BOARD.

The Right Honourable Lord ELCHO, M.P.

ORDINARY DIRECTORS.

Lieut.-Colonel J. D. G. Tulloch.	T. H. Brooking, Esq., New Broad-street.
Alex. Gillespie, Esq., Lime-street.	John Griffiths Frith, Esq., Old Broad-street.
Lestock Robert Reid, Esq., 122, West-bourne-terrace.	Thomas Nesbitt, 42, Eastcheap.
J. Scott, Esq., 4, Hyde-park-street.	J. C. Dimsdale, Esq., Banker.
Francis Le Breton, Esq., 21, Sussex-place, Regent's-park.	William Rattray, Esq., 41, Tavistock-square.

MANAGER.—Will. Thos. Thomson, F.R.S.E.

RESIDENT SECRETARY.—H. Jones Williams.

OFFICES.

London	82, King William-street, E.C.
Edinburgh	3, George-street (Head Office).
Dublin	66, Upper Sackville-street.
Glasgow	106, St. Vincent-street.

Information can be obtained at the Company's Offices, or from the Agents in the principal towns of England, Scotland, or Ireland.

SOVEREIGN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
48, ST. JAMES'S STREET, and 27, CANNON STREET, LONDON.

TRUSTEES.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot
Sir Claude Scott, Bart. | Henry Pownall, Esq.

The following figures will show an increase quite unprecedented in the history of the Company:—

The amount assured in 1862 was	£151,065
Ditto " in 1863 "	194,152
Ditto " in 1864 "	266,450

To ample security the Office adds the advantage of moderate rates and liberal management.

The bonuses declared have been unusually large, and amount in some cases to four-fifths of the premiums paid.

HENRY D. DAVENPORT, Secretary.